

Maclean's



AUGUST 20, 1979

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The nuclear reaction





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Editorial

Canada is no innocent bystander in the deadly game of oil versus nuclear power



By Peter C. Newman

The demonstration at Durlingston this summer to protest construction of the world's largest nuclear plant was a very Canadian affair.

John Kenna, chief of security for Ontario Hydro (currently spending \$13 billion to increase the capacity of its reactors), knew most of the demonstrators by their first names and when three of them climbed down after a 36-hour sit-in on top of a nearby hydro tower he shook their hands in a gesture of camaraderie. They, in turn, put in a good word for his even-handed approach, just before being arrested on a petty trespass charge.

It was all terribly civilized. But nothing much was proved or accomplished. New reactors continue to be built at two Ontario sites as well as Point Lepreau, New Brunswick.

As Senior Writer Warren Gerard's report on page 32 emphasizes, the industry's assurances that it is "virtually incredible" a meltdown might occur, are hollow. A major nuclear accident has already taken place, in 1952, at the experimental reactor at Chalk River and this year's Three Mile Island affair was no filmmaker's fantasy.

Except for the industry's own captive spokesmen, most experts agree that another nuclear accident can

and almost certainly will happen. (Even if Canada stopped expanding its nuclear capacity, there are at least 18 U.S. nuclear plants within fallout distance of our cities.)

It's a complex, emotional issue. In a world which is consuming a daily 50 million barrels of oil, with supply falling short of demand by nearly two million barrels a day, the temptation is to harness alternate forms of energy as quickly as possible. But building more reactors—and there already exist nearly 1,000 around the world—is not the answer. The risk is much too high.

Canada is no innocent bystander in this deadly game. As well as leading in atomic research, we have supplied Canada reactors to such paragons of democratic enlightenment as Argentina, Romania and South Korea, not to mention India and Pakistan, which are using our technology to make atom bombs.

At the very least, the federal government should declare an immediate moratorium on the expansion of nuclear capacity until a national inquiry can establish the proper equation between its risks and benefits. Certainly no new reactors should be allowed on stream unless the problem of disposing of nuclear wastes has been resolved. The margin for safety is short and growing shorter.

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The Kennedy countdown . . . almost time for blast-off

This city is abuzz with the notion of Senator Edward Kennedy challenging President Jimmy Carter for the White House. It is the main topic of political conversation on Capitol Hill, where a strong new feeling is emerging among Democratic power brokers that he'll do it. The new feeling has deeper roots than mere hints, suggestions and Carter's obvious vulnerability; for Kennedy has contributed to the expectations by a series of recent actions. An influential Democrat who has connections with Kennedy says the senator "would have preferred to run for an open presidential seat in 1984. But several months ago he realized, if he runs in 1984, it would be against a Republican incumbent. . . I predict he'll become a candidate in 1986."

Publicly, Kennedy has not shared his self-reported statements that he expects to support Carter for re-election and re-election. Consider the following: he is strongly opposing a bid by the Carter forces on the Democratic National Committee to compel Massachusetts to switch its presidential primary from March 4 to a later date. Blunders of Carter fear that a defeat in Massachusetts, where the president is politically weak, following a setback in the New Hampshire primary a week earlier, might be fatal to his re-election chances.

Kennedy granted six interviews last month on the 50th anniversary of the Chappaquiddick accident in which Henry J. Kampiche was drowned in his automobile. Was he testing just how

trustworthy a political liability Chappaquiddick will be? He appeared at two public events in Boston recently with his wife, Joan, who lives apart from the senator in Boston. Was this a precursor to possible campaign appearances together? Earlier this month he proposed an ambitious energy conservation program, which would cost \$36 billion over 10 years. It is a distinct alternative to Carter's energy plan. He has been working to quash the burgeoning movement to draft him for the Democratic nomination.

Late last week, Evan Debelak, the chairman of Carter's reelection campaign, announced that he thought Kennedy would make a statement soon, renouncing any plans to run for president in 1986. It was really an appeal to the senator, issued more in hope than expectation.

Rose DeBono is a black and beautiful. She is the wife of California congressman Ron DeBono. Around her neck she wears a gold chain with the word *TRUTH* spelled out in diamonds. She doesn't dance. Mrs. DeBono was singing a gift and tone the other day after watching a special showing of a new film *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* starring Alan Alda as playboy senator who has fast and loose with the over-savvy women on Capitol Hill. The movie had been put on, rather cruelly, you might

think, for congressional wives. In there really a lot of sex behind the scenes for politicians? Mrs. DeBono said that she would not be surprised if her own husband "sometimes had an interest in another woman. Though he couldn't possibly respond to all the women who ask on him."

Members of the Senate press gallery have composed an arbitrary list of senators with the "best minds" on Capitol Hill. It's a fair guess to where the brains are. In no particular order: Jacob Javits (R, N.Y.), Charles McNichols Jr. (R, Md.), Gary Hart (D, Col.), Teddy Kennedy (D, Mass.), John Chafee (D, R.I.), and Sam Nunn (D, Ga.). And the dumbest? A lot of people would vote for John Warner (R, Va.) whose main claim to fame is that he is married to Elizabeth Taylor.

The "safe house"—barricade of spy novel drama—lives in ruins. Of late when the address becomes known, which is why the Central Intelligence Agency last week sold Ashford Farm, a secluded 80-acre estate about 60 miles east of Washington in plain Talbot County, Maryland. The agency bought the 80-acre money mansion in 1961 as a halfway to bar for agents and directors. U-2 pilot Gary Powers was defended there after his release from a Soviet prison in 1962. But for the past three years the agency has conducted no clandestine business at Ashford. Somehow the Soviet KGB had learned of its existence, and their agents were spotted keeping a regular walk on the farm. The affair has not been a complete loss to the American espionage community however—they bought the place for \$650,000 and sold it for \$550,000. William Leverier



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Chappaquiddick site, Kennedy with wife no longer just facts and figures



Highland fling on new sod

By Stephen Kimber

Bonnie Prince Charlie would have been proud. More than 200 years after they were beaten by the English on the battlefield at Culloden, the Scots finally got their revenge. This summer they celebrated and held New Scotland—of not by force, then at least by odds, a Gaelic word that translates roughly as "partying."

During the past six weeks 35,000 Scots, former Scots and would-be Scots poured into Nova Scotia to eat, drink, sing, dance and revel in their common ancestry. They tossed coibers in Cape Breton, marched haggies in Halifax, and heard the skirl of bagpipers in Baddeck. Eighteen thousand strong, they jammed into the tiny village of Glenside, Cape Breton (former population—less than 1,000, for a three-day festival of Scottish dancing. Five hundred Frasers squeezed into the West Point high-school auditorium to have dinner together because, well, because they were all Fraser. Scots miles farther east along the Northumberland Strait in Pictou, home of Cyrus Eaton's former chunky conference, more than 80 scholars, politicians and artists were sitting down in another high-school gymnasium to ponder "the role of the Scot in the development of the Canadian nation."

The crest of all this ethnic excitement was the second International Gathering of the Clans—a celebration of all things Scottish—being held two years after the first gathering was hosted by Edinburgh. For many North American Scots, who hadn't previously taken the time to consider their own heritage, it was a chance, as Harry Fraser of Seattle, Washington, put it, "to find out why the hair on the back of my head stands up when the bagpipes are played."

The survival of the traditional Scottish clan system (from the Gaelic clans, meaning children) is an intriguing cultural phenomenon. Originally established as a mutual support system in which a powerful chief would provide



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB MCKINNON

protection for his kin and tenants in exchange for their loyalty in battle, the clan was almost wiped out after the defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie in the Jacobite uprising of 1746. To discourage further revolt, the English outlawed everything the clans held dear, from the playing of the bagpipes to the wearing of the tartan and, after stripping the chiefs of their traditional authority, drove many of the Highlanders from their land. Somehow, through it all, the clan survived as a sentimental kind of extended family and today—thanks in part to North America's newfound fascination with "roots"—clan organizations are flourishing as never before.

During this summer's gathering, in fact, 29 different clans have held their own well-attended "family" reunions in Nova Scotia. Though the emphasis clearly was on partying and sightseeing, more than a few Robertson and Fraser clan members slipped away from the clan round of clanbashes and outsiders to spend a few hours quietly tracking down long-lost cousins at Nova Scotia's public archives.

"There hasn't been a Munro in my

family for three generations," allowed Louise Croungrave, a 33-year-old public health nurse from Victoria, B.C., who was attending her first Munro clan meeting ever. "But I've always known I was a Munro. Now, for the first time, I feel like there is something out there that is me and that I can prob'ly find. There really is a Munro clan and I'm proud of it."

Clan organizations can still hardly believe the success of the gathering. From the kick-off Nova Scotia tattoo, an evening of pagentry and music put on for the Queen Mother in Halifax's new Metro Centre on June 28, to the final hymnal, the communal church service in Pictou that brought the curtains down on the gathering Aug. 12, virtually every event—there were more than 125 different ones scattered over 25 different communities—was crisscrossed with celebrating Scots. Such traditional Scottish festivals as Angus's Highland Games, which has been going on for 118 years, reported dramatic increases in attendance this

year. "And all the reports we've been getting back from the various clan gatherings indicate that, in almost every case, they've been getting three times as many people as they'd originally estimated," boasted a relieved Pop Pater, the executive director of the gathering organization.

Although the number of U.S. tourists to Nova Scotia was down this summer, those losses were more than offset by visitors from other Canadian provinces, the Scots being Canada's third largest ethnic group. That, coupled with an influx of warblers from Scotland, Australia and New Zealand, enabled the province to increase its number of Nova tourists by five per cent, the best gain for any Canadian province.

Though the first gathering, in Scotland in 1997, was a modest two-week affair centered on Edinburgh, the Nova Scotia organizers wanted something bolder for themselves—a Scottish Expo and Olympic Games all rolled into one. And, after cajoling the provincial and federal governments into coughing up their share of the gathering's \$1.2-million budget, and getting corporate friends to provide the rest, gathering Chairman Gordon Anshuld, 67, says he "couldn't be more pleased at the way things have turned out. It's a great time to be a Scot in Nova Scotia."

The success of this year's gathering, however, may spark unwanted competition for the right to hold the next one outside Scotland, in 1995 (A 1981 gathering is already planned for the homeland). "During our gathering I overheard some Texans saying what a great idea this was and that maybe they should have the next one in Texas," worried George Robertson, the organizer of clan Chisholm's week-long reunion in Halifax. "After this gathering, it would be folly for Nova Scotia not to try again."

Organizers will meet soon to decide how best to apply for the 1993 Festival, and a Nova Scotia bid would get support from James Adam, the man in charge of Scotland's 1981 gathering. For Adam, it isn't simply the province's name or the fact that more Gaelic is probably spoken in Nova Scotia these days than in Scotland. For Adam, it is simply that Nova Scotia feels more like home than any place outside Scotland. "I can close my eyes in any community in Cape Breton," Adam said at the end of a three-week tour of the province, "and hear people talking the way they do in parts of the Highlands."

Bonnie Prince Charlie would have felt right at home. ☐

Young descends: Impeccable connections

The Cape Breton connection: a moving history

On more than 25,000 visitors who came to Nova Scotia for the gathering of clans, no one could boast more impeccable historical connections with both old and new Scotland than Bill Craig of Pictou, Nova Scotia.

Craig is roughly 45-year-old person who spent two weeks in Nova Scotia attending clan bachelors and renewing acquaintances with distant Cape Breton cousins, a descendant of a group of 600 18th century Scots who followed a dramatic Presbyterian minister, Norman McLeod, from Scotland to Nova Scotia and ultimately to New Zealand in a generation-long search for their own promised land.

The link began in 1817 when McLeod brought the first members of his flock to the New World to escape a combination of the Highland clearances and the harsh economic realities in Scotland. Pictou, where the first ship landed, proved to be less God-fearing than McLeod had hoped so he quickly set sail again for Ohio. But a savage storm forced the ship to take refuge in Cape Breton's dyke St. Ann's Harbour and being left at night, McLeod solicited the congregation to set up permanent headquarters. However, 32 years

later, in 1851, he got the urge to move again. Over the next eight years, as ships set out from St. Ann's, their original destination was Australia but McLeod, hearing a gold rush there might tempt his followers, chose Waco, on New Zealand's North Island, instead. Most of the descendants of those 32 immigrants still live there and, despite the history and geography that now separate them from their Nova Scotia past, many like Bill Craig try to keep up the links. There is a 200-member Scottish-Nova Scotia descendants association which will get together in Saturday afternoon for a croquet and a dinner and reunion about a plate they never knew. In 1976, while on a five-month goodwill tour of Southern Asia, Canada's then cabinet of turn minister, Allan Rock—now a Cape Breton Scot—managed to find an afternoon for sitting in the sun with them in Waco and trying some traditional Gaelic ink with the first Cape Bretoners to go down the road in search of a better life.

Besides being the president of the Scottish-Nova Scotia Association for the past 15 years, Craig has other more tangible ties with Nova Scotia. In the year 2000, while working for an Australian cable company, he was stationed in Halifax for two years and became well-known locally as a star footballer for the Halifax Wanderers. More recently his own son, an engineer, came to study in Nova Scotia and returned home with a Nova Scotia wife. That's the way we keep the links alive, says Craig with a smile.

Stephen Kimber



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Frontlines

Pity the poor little rich man

Anastasio Somoza gives to spend most of the next few months slogging through the Caribbean aboard his floating fortress, a luxury yacht that bristles with cannons. He is safer there than anywhere else, and his every whim can still be catered to. Thus the disappointments, the worries and the woes of being overthrown last month as a despot, as president of Nicaragua, are at least being suffered in comfort.

But his comfort is not complete, after the publicity created by a recent report on his vast fortune. Earlier this year President Jimmy Carter asked the Central Intelligence Agency for a report on Somoza's wealth—as well as wanted that it seek a spy agency to dig up the facts. The top-secret document the CIA produced (later leaked by a bureaucrat who said it made him "sick") estimated that the family's financial holdings, largely controlled by Somoza, totaled \$600 million.

Somoza claims that he "left behind and lost" \$80 million of his fortune in Nicaragua. That figure may be exaggerated, but any way you look at it, although Somoza is out of office he certainly isn't out of cash. And for that reason alone there are very few leaders in Central and South America who feel they have said a final adieu to Anastasio. His financial interests will keep him as a figure of influence in the Latin theatre. Not only that, but there are greater reports that his son Tachiro is organizing an army in Honduras while his former top aide and now Major Pablo Rada—known as Comandante Barrio—is trying to raise a 7,000-man army in the United States.

As for the claim that he is worth nearly \$1 billion, Somoza reacts:

"This is just part of the myth to get the masses to hate the Somoza." According to the CIA report, his wealth is shrouded in multifaceted corporations registered in such places as the Dutch Antilles, the Virgin Islands and Europe, a trust fund for his children, in land-to-lease land holdings in the U.S., Canada and Europe, in banking interests and insurance companies.



"Somoza has used modern methods, corporate intricacies and such, to spread his money around the world," said one knowledgeable source. "The new government might want to try to raise his money and property abroad but that will not be possible, he has protected himself too well. Nothing can be directly traced to him. For example, his house in Miami is owned by a corporation from the Virgin Islands. He may live there and control the property but strictly, legally, he does not personally own it."

Somoza does, however, stand to lose his better-known holdings in Nicaragua, a number of banks including the failed Intercontinental, the Nicaraguan Airline Larios of which he was chief shareholder, the national shipping line which he founded, hundreds of thousands of acres of crop and cattle land as well as huge herds of beef cattle and the great slaughterhouse Productos Carnes, which last year shipped \$50 million worth of beef to the U.S. alone.

Somoza lived his country dry. He was ruthless in granting government contracts to his own companies. After the disastrous earthquake of 1972 that killed 10,000 and wrecked the economy,

Somoza, reporters in Miami, he thought he had a right to plunder the country.

he pocketed millions of dollars of relief aid that poured into Nicaragua from abroad. He acted as though he had a right to do so and even now extorts aid that he did any wrong.

He is a man of extremes. With family and friends he is generous and compassionate. From his own vast pocket he continues to pay medical expenses for former members of his National Guard in American hospitals, a gesture that shows some humanitarian qualities. However, last year, in response to assassination threats against his son, he threatened to poison the entire country if anything should happen to Tachiro. Indeed, a pilot who later fled Somoza's service testified that he had flown large quantities of cyanide into Managua.

But now, Tachiro's probable fate is to help his father stay nicely balanced in the lap of luxury. "I have no doubt that Mr. Somoza will live out his life in luxury," says a state department official. "There is plenty of evidence, and that is just another shred, that in this world there is very little justice."

William Lashner

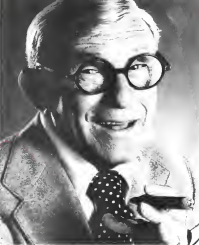
A tip of the old toupee

By Rita Christopher

"You wanna know what actors eat for lunch? I'll show you—canned salmon with a little white vinegar." George Burns allows himself a slow chuckle, but no old vaudeville clown made money laughing at his own jokes. No Burns strikes his north in a bit of battered bagel. He is taking a lunch break from the filming of his latest movie, *Geng in Style*, with Art Carney and Lee Strasberg. Appropriately enough, it features three elderly persons who decide they want a lot more out of life than collecting social security checks.

At 83, when most of those who remember vaudeville cherish their recollections in rocking chairs, Burns appears to be in the springtime of his career. He won his first Oscar at the age of 80 for his role in *The Sunshine Boys*, with Walter Matthau. For an encore, he stole the entire movie *Oh, God!* under the name of that wonder boy of the laid-back genre, John Denver. Burns stars with 16-year-old Brandy Saelen in the newly released *Out You and Me*. *Kid* (review, page 60) and when he is finished filming the current project in New York, he will return to California to do a sequel to *Oh, God!* (Denver will not appear in this installment).

"I love all this," Burns admits. "I never want to retire. You can't make any money in bed—I've tried." He's a wisecracking, broad burlesque wack—just to show that, you still have to be on your toes when you deal with George Burns. Ironically, for much of his career, George did not rattle off stand-up comedy's staple one-liners. He was the best straight man in the business, setting up the comic's outrageous bits and puns of more than three decades, Grace Allen. Apart from the hilarious monologues he worked into most shows, "Day good-night, Grace," was his most memorable line. "Working with Grace was just like being retired," laughs Burns. "He did all the work. I just waited for the laughs to be done and then I'd ask another question. I didn't have to start working until Grace retired himself."



Burns, with Grace Allen in a 1956 sketch, movies, nightclub dates, talk shows, and he still calls on his favorite lady

To set the record straight, Burns's career began some two decades before he met Grace. In those days he was Nathan Brothman, the ninth of 12 children of a chronically unemployed immigrant father living on New York's Lower East Side. "I started in show business when I was five," he recalls. "I used to dance and sing around with the neighborhood organ grinder. But when I was seven years old my father died and I was forced to go into show business for real." Show biz meant the *Forever Queue*, with George Burns as lead singer. The post-one group entertained on street corners, alleys, backyards and anywhere else there was a possibility of catching loose change from a picky audience.

But all the practice apparently didn't help Burns on the vaudeville circuit. "I was absolutely awful," he recalls. He shuffled his stage names like a deck of cards: Billy Delight, Bill Pierce, Ted Jackson, Jimmy Alone, Bobby Links, Brown of Brown and Williams, and Williams of Williams and Brown. "I had to change my name so often because nobody who knew who I was would ever leave me back again," explains Burns.

recall much of their best material. "What I remember is what I'm doing now, the lines for this movie," he says, but with a little coaxing he regurgitates vaudeville standby the lamb-chop routine. "In those days the best jokes about women were about food, not about sex. Girls were always supposed to be hungry so I'd say to Grace, 'Can a little girl like you eat two lamb chops alone?' Grace would say 'Not alone I couldn't but with potatoes I could.'"

Burns and Allen became a staple of vaudeville, movies, radio and television. But Grace retired in 1969—six years before her death—and Burns tried to go it alone. He had his own television show for a year and played club dates, but the laughs weren't there. "No, I never considered retiring myself. I'd rather be a failure doing something I love than do something I hated," says Burns defensively, dialing bad notions even after seven decades in the business. Nonetheless, he was well on his way to being relegated to nostalgia at best, trick at worst, when he was offered, fittingly enough, the part of an old vaudevilian in *The Sunshine Boys*. "That movie turned it around for me," admits Burns. He stepped in when his old friend Jack Benny, originally cast for the part, died just as the picture began filming.

"Thinking about what Benny would have said to me didn't affect my performance one way or the other," says Burns. "Look, death is the only exit for all of us. You know in vaudeville, when you were cancelled, the manager would come around and give you your pictures back. That's how you knew you were through. Before he came and said anything. Well, in life, we all get our pictures back sometime."

At this point, Burns looks like he has a remarkably firm grip on his own pictures. He is small (five-foot, seven-inch) and elegant, his clothes hand-tailored, his face decorated by his round glasses and trade-mark cigar (after an open-heart surgery in 1974, Burns's downward sag is now crooked from a 15-day 110-pound weight loss). His head of grey hair is not his own.

"Look at this topper. Back it up!" I have trouble full of wigs of my own, but the director is nuts about this thing." Burns pauses, feeling his way into a line. "He may be nuts about it, but I'm the one who has to wear it."

He kinks about women, claiming, "When I'm 100 I'll probably be dancing with some broad somewhere." But there was only one lady in George's life and he still pines call on her regularly. "Oh, yes, I still think about my two-woman act, just to tell her what I'm doing. I know all her neighbors. On the right is Alan Ladd, on the left is Jeanette MacDonald."

When Burns is in Los Angeles, he's in his office every morning from 10 a.m. to noon working with his writers as he materializes. He has no end of opportunities to use the jokes. In addition to playing the nightclub crowd, he performs at colleges and has established a following among an even younger set. "One day I was playing bridge at my club and a kid called me out to talk to him," says Burns. "He had seen me in the movie and he wanted me to make it up again."

Between engagements, Burns is working on his memoirs, *The Third Time Around*, to be published this season, and he regains as a dignified older spokesman of the laid-back crowd. Not that Burns speeds a lot of time chaffing up the mat. What he really likes to do is get in front of those cameras and sing, rapping out long forgotten love ballads with the same regard of an electric blower. Before he reaches said audience, he has them just as much as he loves to hear. "I do a little singing, I do a little dancing, I do everything but I try to do it all in my age," observes Burns. "That's my secret." What?—his secret and whatever his age, George Burns is doing all right. ☐



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Shortly after I came to Canada from England, one of the first things that came to my attention was the fact that Canadians seem to have difficulty taking the criticism and their national identity. Canadians were little-angels, grateful for and surprised by any attention from more powerful countries. It is an infuriating characteristic and one that I regret doesn't seem to have changed. I take as evidence of this the article *U.S. Scrutinizes America As the Sleeping Giant* (July 23) which notes the fact that American papers are finally setting up bureaus in this country. Warren Gerard's closing quotation ("Why would you come here?") has caught the Canadian problem in a nutshell. We are in danger of being the last country to realize our economic, and hence political, potential.

MATTHE RAWLINS,
NIAGARA ON THE
LAKE, ONT.

A thorn among roses

It was instructive and refreshing to read Allan Fotheringham's *A Family Romance* . . . (July 23) on his family reunion in Saskatchewan in several years of Fotheringham-watching, I cannot remember him penning such positive prose. He's not much like his family, is he . . .

RONALD M. DESJARDIS, HAMILTON, ONT.

Old games, new rules

In *Lately Greener of Robbing the Dead* (July 9), William Lenthall suggests that Canada should "look at the example now being set in the United States where Congress will vote this summer on new laws to stem the robbing trade in history." He is referring to our Canadian heritage, particularly in the archeology field. Legislation similar to that which the U.S. is thinking about was enacted by the Parliament of Canada in June, 1955, and predicated in September, 1977. Canada is, today, one of the leading nations in resurveying the export of its own cultural property as well as the export of cultural property illegally exported from repossessing states. The U.S. is not yet a repossessing state. Lenthall's suggestion that Canada does little to protect its heritage in cultural property is regrettable in that it will tend to encourage the perpetrators of the very actions which he is deploring.

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Frontlines

The tinkling, murmuring all-Canadian sound

For adventurous collectors of musical curiosities looking for something unusual to grace their turntables—a little lexis throat singing, perhaps, or whale murmurs, or even an all-female orchestra—Toronto's three-year-old Music Gallery holds some promise. Since its record production arm, Music Gallery Editions (MGE), went into business 2½ years ago, it has churned out 33 unusual discs for the discerning listener and is currently producing five more albums of indigenous Canadian folk music this year. Among them is a collection of Innuqut vocal music from the Six Nations reserve near Brantford, Ontario, an album of the folk music of Tadoussac, Quebec, and a new lexis throat-singing recording from Penungutuk, in north Quebec.

The best-known group on the MGE roster (none of them will make Rod Stewart lose any sleep) is the musical sextet known by the nameless acronym of COME. Much admired in the European avant-garde circuit, the five artist-musicians (bassist Al Matton, sax-player, artist and trumpet player Michael Snow, artist and saxophonist Nelsa Kibetla, pianist Casey Sakai and

guitarist Peter Assen) perform their enfiladed, wildly eclectic improvisational music at the Gallery twice a week. If disco is the dead centre of the music world these days, the COME and their loyal band of listeners remain happily at the antipodes.

Another pleasing performer on the MGE label is electronic composer David Rosenblum, whose computer music—more formal and classical than the COME sound—appears on the album *On Being Female*. Whakatoa, performed by Interspecies West, is a human-voice imitation of underwater whale conversations which sometimes creates the same soul-stirring moods as the actual whale sounds. But perhaps the most intriguing symphony housed by the Gallery is the five-man Glass Orchestra, which generates a startling array of mysterious, haunting sounds by manipulating various home-made glass bells and goblets.

At the moment, glass orbacles are casting a shadow over the future of the gallery, largely financed by the Canada Council. But Marvin Green, 25, MGE's producer, says the square will not force the Gallery to more conventional sounds. Next throat singing—yes, that's it. Summer — **by Brian Freeman**

Inuit throat singers Nabert and Gordon Back: no Shona Summer in Cape Town



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Maclean's

Canada

The people who need people

By Ken Becker

For 36-year-old Hui Van Thinh, last-fare and impatient, Maclean's Marled Airport was little more than a necessary nuisance stop in a terrifying odyssey that ended late last week with the promise of a new life in Central Canada. With 197 fellow boat people, Hui fastened quickly to welcoming speeches by federal and Quebec officials, applauded enthusiastically and quickly loaded for army bootcamps designed to handle the real business at hand: resettling part of the expected influx of 50,000 southeast Vietnamese in other locations across Canada. For them, and also for their new co-citizens who welcomed them, Phase 2 of the great Vietnamese refugee saga had begun.

In Phase 1 there was only the horror, the desperate and perilous dash to the dangerous role of Hanoi into the



The Marled where a Vietnamese dinner with the Le family in Ottawa after the jet lag.

emptiness of the South China Sea. Their eyes pleaded every night on the national

news, the first broadcast broadcast coast-to-coast in living color.

The pictures brought the response they cried out for: The world answered Canada, if not fast, in time, asked

Don't shoot the clarinet player

In his 10 working weeks that Ron Alvey has been the federal minister of employment and immigration, he has been identified as "sounder" by the most vocal of the Federal Liberal Organization and others to some, called irresponsible—accurately, in a term not—confronting a backwash over the arrival of the Vietnamese refugees. It would be understandable that, if the 37-year-old former Toronto lawyer looked not to his professional training for support but to his hobby: As a clarinet-playing dilettante in Montreal, Alvey has certainly appreciated the value of improvisation.

As well, he has also seen it pitiful. Early on the job he felt the repercussions of an all-out call statement: when he denounced the Arab threat to boycott Canada if the embassy in Beirut was moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem by saying that "Arab is worse than their job." And a sharp reply was none in that he was probably right to single out Alvey as it is believed it was the new minister's mouth that put the fiery thought on the move as Prime Minister Joe Clark's hand. Alvey's 442-vote victory over former secretary of state, John Rob-



Ron Alvey: no feeling of abortion

erts in the heavily Jewish St. Paul's riding owed not a little to the Clark campaign promise. But to show how quickly Alvey can drop a tune that proves a renegade, he now refuses any and all comment on the matter.

Because there is now time for only the

refugee problem, having established his credentials as a bright and diligent politician during two previous periods in his 1972 to '74, during which his position for work on the Arab threat, his first wife, Alvey's commitment to the Arab people to the point where he admits to having become "preoccupied" with it. This minister's move, mostly in a deal with Robert A. Maclean, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been adventurous enough still to have no cost estimates available apart from Alvey's conviction that "the dollars are large." For his own part, he has also joined with a local Toronto group to sponsor one of the refugee families.

As for the backlash prediction the last time it can now be heard quietly perching in the background given him no feeling of abortion. "I wouldn't have used the term," he now says. But though he is disappointed in a somewhat hoping to ward it off entirely, Alvey remains convinced that "it will come. He hopes however to soften it significantly through government programs.

When he himself completely optimistic as he has told the eager, early sponsorship will maintain themselves. It is, he says, the first test of the Tony philosophy that puts volunteers' hands-in-hand with government's decision. "I'd like more of it," he promises, "not less."

through the kind of the queue. The Clark government opened its quota of 8,000 to a potential 10,000 Vietnamese refugees by the end of next year on a matching basis with private sponsors. By last week, 6,138 Indo-Chinese had arrived, 1,200 since Immigration Minister Ron Atkey's July 18 announcement of the expanded plan, and the host people signs had entered a new and hopeful stage.

Nearly every day, in cities and towns across the country, the scene was played out: hundreds of refugees pouring out of Boeing 707s, hundreds of sympathetic and concerned Canadians waiting on the tarmac to greet them. People such as Ross Macroe.

He and his wife and daughter were at Ottawa's Eglinton Airport last night. It was 8:45 a.m. when the aircraft landed to a stop. The Macroes had been advised not to go to the airport, but they would greet their sponsored Vietnamese families a few days later after the paperwork and jet lag were over. But the Macroes couldn't stay away and Immigration officials understood. They introduced the two families across a barrier of rope. "It was incredible," said Susan. "We were strangers, yet all of us

discovered into hugs and kisses and tears. I think we exchanged a few words, but I don't even remember what I said."

Probably never before have Canadian citizens on such numbers expressed such a commitment to the homeless masses of the world. Perhaps it was those scenes on the tarmac, never, perhaps it was the frustration of never before having been shown how to help in a positive way, perhaps it was simply that the time was right in this nation's history, all of which undoubtedly will be explained in the future, in Phase 3. Will the historians and sociologists of the 20th and 21st look back on the phenomenon of people rushing forward to sponsor Asian refugees as a summer madness, just another trendy exercise like driving Ferrari and limo? Or will it be seen as having marked a change in the direction of society, in the texture of the country?

It is not the first time Canada has opened its borders to refugees (see box on page 15). After their crashed wreck in 1956, 27,189 Hungarians settled in Canada. In 1968, 11,943 Czechs escaped Soviet tanks and made it here. But they were white Russians—as were most Canadian's ancestors. They integrated quickly and easily, their culture and

values never all that different from their neighbors. But when former dictator Ho Anin booted out Ungdon Anin in 1975, and Canada gave refuge to more than 7,000, it was of different Calcutta class. The word Pake became a two-syllable get-down—although they were not all Pakistans.

However, Ottawa and the refugee sponsors are not looking to the East Indian for a precedent. Probably, they're pointing instead to the Germans, the Chinese and Japanese and Koreans, who have become such integral part of Canadian society. And they're also counting on the Vietnamese who have been here a while, the 6,000 or so who came after the Vietnam War ended in 1975. They (see box) stress the indistinguishability of the Vietnamese, their sense of responsibility. He says they're glad the government is making them pay back \$750 for each adult's air fare. "It represents the goal of a brave early achievement," Atkey said last week, adding that the Vietnamese who have been living in Canada are "settled, if over, an unemployment."

And Vietnamese such as Hui Van Thinh look back up. His had his wife, son, daughter, almost all his brother with him when he climbed off the plane last Wednesday. Though they landed at Mirabel Airport, he doesn't plan to join Montreal's already large Vietnamese community, one that has flourished despite enormous political differences during the war in Vietnam and the period of sudden growth immediately after it.

Hui wanted to come to Canada in-

CANADA'S REFUGEE RECORD

Since the Second World War, Canada has opened its doors to more than 350,000 refugees. The Vietnamese refugee lag will constitute the largest group in the country. Here are the present standings and the reason why each group came.

37,160 Hungarians	— revolution of 1960
16,118 Indo-Chinese	— flight from Vietnam 1975, 1979
11,943 Czechoslovakians	— Soviet invasion, 1966
11,240 Lebanese	— ongoing civil war
7,000 Vietnamese	— Asians expelled by Ho Anin, 1972
6,399 Chinese	— overthrow of Chiang Kai-shek
226 Tibetans	— Chinese invasion of Tibet, 1950

stead of the United States because it's "a vast and rich country, where there are fewer people, where we will be better accepted." He will go to Toronto instead of staying in Montreal, although he speaks French as well as English, because he feels it's a better place to be "independent and rebuild a life." If he's lucky, he may repeat something of the experience of a 1973 arrival, Peter Tran, who did come to Montreal originally, only to learn a year later to follow the economic indicators to Toronto. He worked as a writer and bartender until he became a bar manager in a posh downtown hotel and he still looks ahead. He's 43, has a wife and three children, and was once an English professor in Saigon. But he sees his future in the business community. "I'd like to get back to education, but the economic indicators in education are all going down and the indicators in busi-

ness are all going up. So that's where I'm going."

If there is any widespread sentiment against the refugees, it has been fuelled in a tidal wave of support, but there's no one denying there has been some loose talk. A couple of journalists—notably columnist and broadcaster Doug Clavin in Vancouver—have preyed on the fears of their audience. Perhaps it's important to note that Clavin broad-sheeted coincided with the publication of his book, *Immigration: The Destruction of English Canada*. Then there's Jack Phoenix, a former Alberta Liberal leader, whose voice was heard last week protesting a scheduled (Sept. 15) conference for the refugees.

Others have economic bones to pick with their neighbors and their government. The Media in Montreal (see box on page 16) want clarity to begin at home. Although there has not been any

violence, there has been the threat—excluding death threats against Atkey, which last week threatened the RCMP to get the minister and his family under 24-hour guard. Ottawa Mayor Jean Drapeau, who organized the Project 6000 drive in his city, has received letters that call her a "terror" who is turning the country over to "harden of China." A letter in the *Windsor Free Press* asked, "They now hold one-quarter of the earth's surface. Shall we give them our share of North America too?"

The negative response reflects "a long-standing tradition of racism and xenophobia in this country," says Harold Treper, a historian and associate professor at the University of Western Ontario. Treper is working on a study of Canadian immigration during the Nazi holocaust. "Canada's role, as seen through the xenophobia of Americans, was very negative," Treper says. "Then, the government was so concerned about the war for Jew. Now it has become a cold war for Vietnamese. But the response has been phenomenal this time. It is a very interesting phenomenon for Canadian society. One may ask whether this is the generation of the '60s in addition, now living up to the social terror of the '60s."

Whether the fever is sustained or not will have much to do with the quality of life the newcomers accept in Phase 3—when the heartwarming TV clip and newspaper interviews have run out and the host people find themselves jostled in the crowd of other Canadians trying to play along in fact, inevitably not



Vietnamese refugees loach ground at Mirabel's Mirabel inevitable backlash

For some, the unwelcome mat

Guillermo Madrid was an early boat person. The bearded, 39-year-old Chilean arrived in 1967, almost 2½ years ago near Vancouver and asked for political asylum in Canada, claiming he could no longer bear repressive conditions in his homeland. But unlike the thousands of refugees from Vietnam, Madrid was not welcomed with open arms by Canadian immigration authorities. Despite Madrid's war that he faces possible imprisonment and torture back in Chile, Canada refused his application for refugee status and has ordered him deported.

Madrid's supporters, ranging from church groups to members of Parliament, are outraged at what they consider a harsh, double standard in Canada's attitude in the plight of Madrid and tens of thousands of other boat people. Barely six weeks ago, a 39-year-old Chilean named Roberto Madrid (not) who family sheltered Madrid in his home last month when



Roberto and Guillermo Madrid, boat on the Pacific?

there were worries he would be deported immediately, Roberto says. "Maybe if we put him out on a check on the Pacific Canal for a while, there would be more government sympathy." Roberto has been trying to

get the deportation order against Madrid rescinded. He met earlier this month with Immigration Minister Ron Atkey to present what he felt was new evidence to bolster Madrid's claim, including a mysterious letter "L" on his Chilean passport. According to Roberto, the letter means Madrid faces

imprisonment on his return to Chile—or even death. Alberto Yachman, second secretary in the Chilean embassy in Ottawa, said last week that information was overly dramatic. "The 'L' merely indicates he must file out an application form before coming back into Chile, because he didn't leave the country in a normal manner." Yachman says Madrid is no longer eligible to return to Chile.

Madrid, who has died out a criminal sentence as a delinquent since arriving in Canada, is not convinced. He says that he was held and tortured for four days shortly after Chile's 1973 military coup and claims the problem he has created by being publicly attacked he witnessed while serving a two-year hitch in the Chilean army.

Atkey's spokesman, George Bennett, says the Canadian government is only prepared to help Madrid find another country to take him in. "He has not taken steps to establish himself in a new country," Bennett says. "Therefore, he is not eligible for any status to leave his present country. There are no steps open up the door for anyone to come here who has a trip up with their government."

Rad Mikolajewicz

bring some of the shames and pushes to which newcomers are prone. "The more interestingly you introduce, the more you increase the risks of conflict," says Alan Borovoy, general counsel of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association.

Perhaps the wisest move the new Conservative government has made so far—fortunately as well as politically—was to invite Canadians individually to share with the government in sponsoring these newest refugees. If even half of 50,000 Vietnamese had half a dozen friendly sponsors, all the briefing should go a long way to allay ignorance and bias so the newcomers settle in.

Vancouver

A sweaty fight over the dome

In the midst of a torpid and cloudless Vancouver summer, the issue that is causing all the gusts of political winds and sports fans alike is the configuration and location of Vancouver's proposed new covered stadium, North America's fifth covered playing field. Central to the dispute is a universal agreement that the

crumbing, 25-year-old, 30,000-seat Empire Stadium is a tiny anachronism that has to go. Effected to the argument is a twin threat that sets Vancouver back hours on a low jump of panic—that with no new stadium the B.C. Lions football team will flounder in four years and the high-flying Vancouver Whitecaps soccer club will be sold by financially wary Herb Caplan.

Repping the list of competing stadium plans is also sponsored by rumpled Irvin Swaggaard, 71, former managing editor of *The Vancouver Sun* and current president of the Pacific National Exhibition (1980), home of Empire Sta-



Downtown Dome (top) and Multiplex model (below) for Vancouver's tax dollars

dum. Bristlelessly pushed by master propagandist Swaggaard (his old paper recently called him "the human bulldozer") since it was first proposed last August, the Multiplex concept is a striking subtle-shaped structure that could hold 60,000 fans plus exhibiting space for industrial and agricultural concerns. It would sit smack in the middle of the PNE. Swaggaard insists that the exhibition space will help Multiplex to become "the new heart" of the PNE and avoid the plague of North American free-standing stadiums—the need for periodic infusions of tax dollars. "Every covered stadium loses nothing but taxes," he thunders.

Being first out of the gate and having the healthy planning budget of the PNE has put Swaggaard far out on front, enjoying the powerful support of Vancouver Mayor Jack Velsink and the Greater Vancouver Regional District. But if Swaggaard has the ear of safeguard politicians and Arrow-shielded jocks, the opposition Downtown Stadium Committee (DSC) claims such developments, failed politicians and former Winnipeg Blue Bomber tackle Frank Regier. Starting late in the race and called "a nuisance" by Swaggaard, DSC is doing strongly and proposes an open-air, 60,000-seat, domed stadium without exhibition space on under-used land in the False Creek area of downtown Vancouver. Using the slogan "Do it downtown," DSC further proposes securing the necessary land from Marathon Realty Co. Ltd., the real estate wing of Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd., by gift, swap or outright purchase. The tacit partners criticize Multiplex by saying it is too parking-intensive for the overburdened PNE neighborhood, that its convention facilities are made redundant by the new PNE B.C. Trade and Convention Centre and, most of all, "It is too damn expensive," says Regier. (Swaggaard says Multiplex will cost \$175 million, but the tac figures it at \$252 million with its own downtown site pegged at \$112 million.) Swaggaard counters that a free-standing stadium will drown in red ink



and, more darkly, says the DSC is powerfully supported by Marathon (the company's project manager in Vancouver, Gordon Campbell), a member of the consortium.

Widened in the middle are the two senior levels of government. The province has pledged \$20 million but has expertly waffled on what group will get it. Despite apparent standing by rookie Fitness and Amateur Sport Minister Steve Paquin, the federal Tories have agreed to back the pledge of the former Liberal government that Ottawa will pay one-third of the cost of a lower standard stadium.

In what is becoming another example of Vancouver's chronic wheel-spinning over development, the downtown committee is asking for a study of the two approaches while Swaggaard has had to push his game for a decision by the senior government back several times. Best estimates now call for decisions in the fall. Some Vancouverites, however, are not impressed by all the yelling and puffing over a second player. In response to a Vancouver Sun poll asking readers for stadium views, one exasperated citizen scribbled a letter about worn-headed promises with the oath, "No stadium, no Multiplex. An end to this jack shit mess!" Thomas Hopkins

Manitoba

The Ed and Lily show

Tickets prying \$135 to wonder about Winnipeg's Lower Port Garry National Historic Park last week got more history than they bargained for as they traced the heart of Hudson's Bay Company Governor Sir George Simpson built in 1839. The rambling stone mansion, which attracts 150,000 visitors a year and comes complete with lunch-baking staff outstuck in costumes in the style of 18th-century has fascinating insights in the persons of Governor-General Edward Schreyer, his wife, Lily, and their four children.

Since 1879 the stone fort has had a Napoleonic history as a Hudson's Bay Company frontier outpost, a training ground for the Northwest Mounted Police, a provincial penitentiary, a temporary insane asylum and a country club of the Manitoba Motor League. Now the Schreyers have to make it a traditional temporary residence of government-general in summer. To give tourists and

Birthrights, not boat rights

Quebec Victoria, staring in Winnipeg's court with multiple evidence and her challenge back firmly turned on a group of eight Mills carrying signs that read: WE DON'T BOAT HERE—WE WANT COME HERE AND HONORARY BOAT. AMT'S WORK NOT WORK. The scandalized band from Norway House, a town of 3,000 with 700 white residents some 315 miles north of the tip of Lake Winnipeg began a sit-in last week aimed at derailing their unemployment problems. The protesters, frustrated by a local Mills jobless rate of 65 per cent, have pledged to camp in front of the Manitoba legislature, sending only an elder and home-made bannocks (a wheat-flour bread made with lard, salt and baking powder) until Premier Sterling Lyon agrees

to meet a list of financial demands. High on the group's \$100,000 shopping list is a request for \$120,000 to study the development of fishing, forestry and mineral generating industries. As well, it wants \$100,000 to support the Manitoba Mills Federation, which represents the province's 120,000 Mills plus timber-licensing, like a proposed \$600,000 combination clubhouse-community centre which would employ 17.

Oiver Morison, 31, chairman of the federation's local in Norway House, claims that it takes \$14,000 a year to support an unemployed Mills family of five when that cost of social workers, police, prison guards, hospital workers and civil servants is folded. Says Edward Head AT, a former president of the federation: "All we ask is that our people have a paper-cut unemployment rate like other Manitobans."

The Mills elite (several of Manitoba's legislators, look to the town behind you)

payment rate like other Manitobans. Our governments are giving help to Third World countries while the people born here are starving."

Premier Lyon, who a fortnight ago told the Mills that he would "buckle under any constitutional position and division of resources," stole a march on the demonstrators by paying a surprise visit last Tuesday to Norway House. Although Lyon admitted that housing development in the community needs spending up his position on other demands was unchanged.

To add punch to the protest, the Mills promised to deliver a bouquet of their own slogans at Lyon's doorstep the week Monday as 40-foot wooden replicas of a York boat—like the ones that used to carry supplies on the Red River—drummed with a dozen Norway House residents, was scheduled to be landed down Lake Winnipeg to join the bannock-eating campers.

Peter Carlyle-Gordon





Jacques, Kamel, Uly and Edward Schreyer at Lower Port Garry, social activities

photographers their money's worth, even the Schreyers have been wearing period costume.

The last governor-general to stay at the fort was Earl Grey in 1951. The idea for the present 13-day experiment came to Schreyer a month after his installation last Jan. 29. Says fort superintendent Maurice Turpin: "He insisted that only manual chores be made and that no one still be allowed in the house over the family in weeks. Naturally, the dining room is closed off when the viceroyal family is staying, but otherwise they've made themselves very accessible to visitors." A few fragile artifacts such as chairs and chests have been reserved for the duration, but the Schreyers are basically living in what is a mansion.

Governors-general have spent some time vacationing at the Citadel in Quebec City over the last 112 years and I thought it fitting to spend some time in the "Winds" again," a somewhat relaxed Schreyer, sitting in the governor's study. "I can't guarantee my successors will keep up in this tradition, but we intend to be back next year." And so that Québécois visit beuffed, the Schreyers will take up residence at the Citadel Aug. 28 and stay until Sept. 15.

After seven months on the job, Schreyer says he and his family have adjusted fairly well to life at Rideau Hall, although he occasionally feels frustrated by his nonpartisan role after

so many years as an active politician. "Fourteen years ago I taught a course in constitutional government at the University of Manitoba, so I was familiar with the duties of the office, though surprised by the amount of time devoted to social activities," he said. "I'm actually less frustrated than I expected to be, though it does happen now and again. Sometimes I can't help but think it would be more fulfilling to be in active government but I feel that by recording myself that, really, this is a golden opportunity to see every part of Canada and to talk freely in private with all kinds of officials and experts."

Does he ever see trouble nights dwelling on possible scenarios of constitutional crisis and how he would respond to them? "Yes, I do think that change through, but I don't like to discuss them out loud. Much of it is worst-case speculation and a lot of it seems farfetched if not absurd. It's not good psychology and would put people on edge. Still, when you think about it you can't fully dismiss even absurd situations." So he, Schreyer says he hasn't run into any absurd or embarrassing situations himself, although he's obviously uncomfortable as an elder son. June, 12- or 13- year period costume. "The main surprise at Rideau Hall were the size of the residence and the size of the staff. The physical pace of the job is more hectic than that of being premier because of the large distances involved. On the other hand, it's far less border-line serious because there's less domestic making. There's only one time the burden of

decisions would be as serious and that would be in a time of constitutional crisis.

Crises were far from the Schreyers' minds last week as they greeted tourists from Canada and the U.S., with the Governor-General even breaking into German for the benefit of one heavily accented visitor, throwing out historical tidbits in the fort with obvious pride. Four-year-old son Tobias, who was a little intimidated by the single women standing outside the house when the family moved in last Monday, didn't have to do 19th-century threads Thursday morning because he was visiting the dentist. One of the few visitors was on the mind of Canada's 23rd Governor-General as he squarred in his brown-tailed morning coat. "In Manitoba, I used to relax by working with wood and spent one summer making a cedar patio, but now I'm quite interested in working with stone. I have this idea of working in stone with appropriate power tools. I've even thought of buying a secondhand family's drill for line detail work. That's if I can find time, of course." Peter Curlye Goetz

Quebec

Taking care of their own

It was a clerical sort of ceremony started last week to confound King judges Jacques and Louise Cossette-Trudel instead of sending them to better equipped federal prisons normally reserved for serious offenders, Chief Justice Court Judge Yves Bouchard ordered them Tuesday to the spartan bowdler of provincial jail more commonly used for traffic violators and short-term prisoners awaiting trial. By sentencing the kidnappers to 18 months, Judge Cossette-Trudel to one day short of two years, the judge intentionally gave them over to the jurisdiction of Quebec's prison system and, more significantly, the province's own parole board.

Though Louise's face tightened and she shook her cheeks to free back tears when Judge Maynard refused the couple's plea to avoid jail terms and separation from their two children born during their eight years of exile in Cuba and France, their commitment to Quebec's penal system was a demonstration that—even between judges and criminals—Quebecers believe they can be trusted to take care of their own. And it was an understandable support for the many province Québécois who have rebuked federal penal and parole authorities for the treatment meted out to other convicted Quebec terrorists still in federal

penitentiaries though eligible for parole.

Exploiting his decision to subject the Cross kidnappers to the Quebec parole board rather than Ottawa's National Parole Board, Judge Maynard said "I believe the provincial body is more flexible and structured in a way that it can handle the case of the two accused more quickly and prepare the earliest possible reintegration into society." The couple could be paroled in eight months—before Quebec's promised spring referendum on sovereignty—association.

The judge declared he meant no criticism of federal parole decisions but his remarks reinforced complaints by Quebec politicians, editorial writers and the usual cast of pro-independence extremists that federal authorities are usually harsh with what their sympathizers call "political prisoners"—the convicted bombers, kidnapping and murderers of the defunct Front de libération du Québec. Former P.Q. terrorists, they maintain, suffer worse prison conditions and are refused parole more often than common criminals convicted of similar deeds but without an underlying political goal.

The greatest cause célèbre in the national parole board's repeated refusal to release 38-year-old Pierre-Paul Gouf-



Jacques and Louise Cossette-Trudel parole could come in eight months

froy, serving 126 life terms for a series of P.Q. bombings in the 1960s. In penitentiary since 1969, Goufroy has been eligible for parole since 1976. Also eligible for parole but still in prison* are Paul Hane and Francis Bernard, sentenced to life for the 1970 kidnapping and murder of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, who have been imprisoned 8 1/2 years in jail.

Last year, 50,000 persons—including two Parti Québécois National Assembly members—petitioned for the release of six such prisoners. Since then, two—Laporte kidnapping accomplices Jacques Hane and Bernard Lortie—have been paroled.

Most Québécois appeared to approve Judge Maynard's sentencing of the Cossette-Trudels and Premier René Lévesque responded to reporters' questions that he saw no reason to appeal for a longer sentence. "I will not be," former prime minister John Diefenbaker, who termed the Cossette-Trudel treatment "an invitation to terrorism."

David Thomas

Newfoundland

Creatures from the Black Lagoon

St. Mary's Bay, on the northeastern corner of the island of Newfoundland, used to be one of the prettiest areas in the province. But now that the oil has come, oil which many government officials still insist is not there, that beauty can only be enjoyed from a distance with beach walks restricted to those wearing disposable shoes.

St. Mary's Bay is the latest section of the island's north coast to fall victim to a new kind of oil spill, an invisible menace against which no technology has yet been developed and about which nothing can be done until the great unratified gale of oil lurking under the surface are washed ashore. It's oil, almost tar-like Bonker C believed to have come from the British tanker Kardian which struck up 300 miles west in the Cabot Strait last March, first reached the north coast of Newfoundland 15 months ago, feeding beaches and dingy fishermen's nets from Burgeo to Fortune Bay. It was poisoning as drug because there had been no oil spill, there was no oil spill on the surface—the oil, it was suspected both migrating in the water and in the sand.

And it was changing to help and other seaweed, kept coming ashore, one day in one spot, the next in another.

"We cleaned up Burgeo beach one day, two days later it looked as if we'd never touched it," lamented Bill Ryan of the Canadian Coast Guard's emergency operations section, at the time Officials from the department of the environment finally determined the oil was from the Kardian and that because of the type of oil it is it floats a few yards below the surface. The coast guard has

Beach gravel held together by Bonker C, tar-like blobs and oil-covered birds



\$4 million worth of oil-spill equipment in St. John's but the gear is totally useless for anything except a surface slick, so the staff keeps combing beaches and last week it showed in St. Mary's Bay. By week's end it had fouled beaches as far ashore as St. John's, nearly 30 miles from the open sea.

Yet, while the oil is undeniably there—in some places simply demarcating the tide line, in others littering beaches with tar-like blobs and oil-covered birds—the official government line is still that the situation is not serious. Norman St. Croix, of Port La Haye, has seen the tide bring the oil in "knee-deep on the beaches." He has also seen the next tide take it back out to sea, leaving only a few inches of muck on the fishing-bait sliver, on the rocks and the high-tide line. On the pebble beaches, it is invisible to the eyes of helicopter-borne coast guard patrols, hiding in with the seaweed and other buried by the circular action of the surf in the pebbles and muck.

When the Kardian first sank, the Nova Scotia government found itself in a similar situation, claiming that the province's beaches were being fouled while both the coast guard and Environment Canada insisted that, since they could find no slicks and only a little oil on the beaches, it was impossible. Yet in the five months since the Kardian broke up, the federal government now admits to having cleaned up an estimated 8,000 tons of crude oil from the Nova Scotia coast.

There's little a theory financial problem, with Ottawa claiming the owners of the Kardian, Nile Shipping Co. are responsible for the damage, but in Newfoundland alone so far has totalled more than \$68,000 in salvaged or destroyed fishing nets even though less

Prisoners before: Goufroy sentenced in Aug. 1971 for murder of a federal judge and sentenced to life; Hane and Bernard sentenced for parole since 1976, also eligible for parole but still in prison are Paul Hane and Francis Bernard, sentenced to life for the 1970 kidnapping and murder of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, who have been imprisoned 8 1/2 years in jail.

The bow section of the tanker carried another 7,000 to 8,000 tons of oil, so that the total amount of tanker oil adrift in the gulf could be about double what has so far been cleaned up. And while the government denies there's any great problem and both sides bicker over who's to blame, the first wave of the second half of the oil continues to wash ashore in St. Mary's Bay.

Robert Plankin

The Great Railway Bazaar

When he wasn't busy painting railways through someplace important, he was in the studio, a quiet, secluded, St. William's Curlew. Van Horne refused by taking leave in hand and painting landscapes. One, an incredible three-month burst of emotion, one of the builders and second president of the Canadian Pacific Railway backed off a painting a day. Laterally hundreds of canvases, his own and those of unnumbered painters of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries which he collected, reflected the walls of Van Horne's 30-year-old house in St. William's. In 1990 some Minister's Island, just off the New Brunswick coast near St. Andrews. New a Hudson art dealer, Robert Munroe, is threatening to ship it.

A Wan Horse landscape and the late CPT present: a painting in clay

Two years ago the New Brunswick government paid \$745,000 for Coverdale Island (named after Van Horne's father) and Minister's Island with the idea of someday making it a historic park. The government told Mannix that it wants only four or five of his Van Horne works—not 21 paintings or the

original asking price of \$210,000. So far, says the realtor, he has had a queue down the hall, with the second highest bidder at \$190,000. The second highest bidder was the Victor Group, a U.S. company that has been in the U.S. market for repairs and restoration of both the paintings and their once-eloquent gilded frames. But he insists that all 22 paintings should remain in one collection.

The New Brunswick Museum, which is the province's largest, with 100,000 visitors and 10 million in its collection, and we had to act fast," says Dr. George Macfie, deputy head of the province's Historical Resources Administration. Besides the hort-talking Manager "I've spent three intense years trying to convince Ottawa and New Brunswick to take these paintings out of my hands; they haven't been interested. I've been told to be a competitive, self-motivated."

Accordingly, Manasse has obtained export permits to ship his Van Hise collection to Surrey, England, for the annual York International Railway Festival and Auction of Railwayiana in October. Manasse, never hesitant to tout his own whistle, figures the railway buffs will queue up to bid on the pieces— if not for their artistic value, then as desirable memorabilia of one of the world's great track layers. Unimpressed, the New Brunswick government says it has a list on either Van Hise's paintings, which would make the province an ex officio part of the collection, or that the collection is "completely dependent on me," Mr. Manasse. David Foster, Tom Shuter



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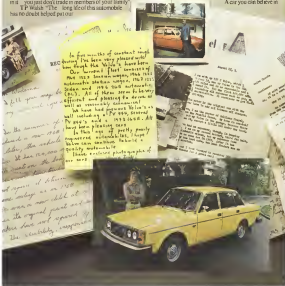
People like Jerry Jacobson: "Now that it's at the 300,000 male mark, I figure it has another 300,000 more males."

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Prophets of a super-race

By Maria McDermid

At first glance, it looked like another intellectual novelty in the land which gave the world the New Wave in film, the new-wave philosophers in the classroom and its nouvelle cuisine in the restaurant tables, every newspaper and daily literary party conference was suddenly becoming, with the discovery of a new political right wing, one nouvelle droite. *Le Monde* has devoted front-page editorials and the leftist daily *Le Matin* an investigative series to sounding up the alarm against a sinister new set of ultra theories which have just passed in currency in Europe since the heyday of Adolf Hitler.

In books, magazine columns and the back rooms of power, a small but influential nucleus of young French professionals is promoting the credo that the sickness of present-day society is rooted in its ungodly notion that all men are created equal. In an effort to combat the lurking apocalypses of Marx, the proponents also reject the banishments of Humanism, democracy and the Judeo-Christian tradition. "The enemy," writes their chief thinker, 35-year-old journalist Alain de Benoist, "is this egalitarian ideology, whose formulae have flourished for 2,000 years."

The New Right was born out of the student gatherings of May 1968, when, fed up with the strangled left he had held on ideological debates ever since the war, a small group of postgraduates decided, as Benoist puts it, "to start again from zero." That left them with the celebration of a pagan northwesterly—a European society which could be analogous to the Acropolis at Athens and the bloody birth and rise of Germanic Celtic legend.

Dusting off Nietzsche, widely discredited as the philosopher-mentor of the Third Reich, they reenergized his Superman. In this case, the super-race is not white Aryans but Indo-European. To back up their arguments for Indo-European supremacy and against right-consolidation, their explanation for race-mixing, they have invoked the authority of a controversial group of geneticists and biologists whose explosive theories they present as scientific fact. Among their favorites is U.S. psychologist Arthur Jensen, who postulates that blacks have lower IQs because of their genes, and J.D. Hollinger, a South African who likes to show that black African civilization is 140,000 years behind Europe.

If such ideas have always had their following in a fringe fringe on all continents, the French New Right can't be so easily dismissed. It has adopted the slogan that "the real power in any society is cultural, not political." Accordingly, its members have bypassed the bullet box and France has been started to learn that they have penetrated to the highest places in both press and government.

Starting with a small "society of thought" called the Group for the Research and Study of European Civilizations—which translates nearly into the French acronym GRECE (Groupe—literary members have included a select membership of 1,500 journalists, politicians, teachers and civil servants. If the subscription lists of their three related publications are any measure, they are there.

Even East Germany teeth and clear of legend



another 10,000 to 15,000 sympathizers. As well, they have founded their own driving publishing house, Editions Copernic, and have circles in France's most prestigious universities including the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's alma mater.

Out of this circle has grown an even more select group, the Club de l'Europe (named after a stock in their original meeting room). Its president, Yves Bilet, 31, is himself the right-hand man of the Gaullist party's secretary-general, and his book is thought to have been behind the government's stiff new legislation on immigrant workers and law and order.

Although the Club de l'Europe members prefer to refer to themselves as "republicans," in their last collective book, *The Politics of the Lure*, they declared their "neo-cynism" was the road to an "intense reevaluation" of European civil stock and, eventually, genocide. That book has striking similarities to another published this spring by former interior minister Michel Poniatowski, which Benoist himself is rumored to have ghost-written. He declares the crisis, but does admit with pride to being the inspiration behind certain biological chapters. Poniatowski is, after all, Giscard's closest friend and adviser.

But the New Right's greatest coup to date may have been to mold itself in the swiftness *Le Figaro Magazine*, launched last year by French press baron Robert Hersant, a longtime Nazi collaborator. The magazine's director, Louis Pauwels, admits to his credentials in the Nouvelle Droite. His editor-in-chief, Jean-Claude Viala, is one of the co-founders of GRECE and his editorial editor is Benoist, who raves on freely about Indo-European, while other writers lead the charges of hyphen Greece and lament the tribulations of France's Nazi leader Rudolf Hess, jailed in Berlin's Spandau prison near the war.

Nouvelle Droite, in a country where the so-called Point Nord, the "New Bridge" over the Seine, turns out to be much of the oldest, it is not surprising that the New Right's themes seem to be much the same as those of the Old Right, albeit updated with a new vocabulary of technocracy and racism.

When the first headlines broke over the New Right, there was talk that nothing would slip its spread faster than the hands of publicity. And in fact, Giscard d'Estaing became alarmed enough to prompt two of his own party's leading



Benoist and Pauwels: pagan neoconservatism

young spokesmen to denounce it. But, contrary to rumor, *Le Figaro Magazine* continues to thrive and, once exposed, the new rightists have not shrank from publicity. "The important thing is not what people are saying about us," smiles Alain de Benoist, "it's that they're talking."

Eastern Europe

Turning a screw on human rights

They were arrested from their beds in a pre-dawn police swoop reminiscent of the roundup of dissidents in the door of the Berlin era. Now, sitting in Prague's Remise prison, 39 leading members of the Czechoslovak human rights movement, Charter 77, await judgment on unknown charges which could bring them up to 15 years in jail. Their one comfort is that their fate will not go unnoticed. As the Czech authoritarian press shied secretly with arrangements for their trial—it could be staged in a week or two—they have become the focal point of a new international hue and cry over the Russian bloc's way of dealing with its dissidents.

The 39, who include one of Czechoslovak's best known playwrights, Václav Havel, and a small log of psychologists, journalists and teachers, are expected to be harried with subversive notions next, probably, with being in league with the CIA, in retaliation for

their efforts to see that Prague honors the human rights provisions of the 1975 Helsinki agreements.

Support for them has come not only from Western leaders and human rights groups but also, less predictably, from Communist parties in Western Europe. At least two Eastern Bloc chiefs, too, are known to have pressed moderation to Czech Party Secretary Gustav Husak, and even Moscow is reported to feel the trial ought to be put off until passions cool.

But Prague's intent not to crush dissent in only part of a trend in the East

Other Communist countries, for all their good advice to Husak, are themselves hard at work on ways to suppress criticism.

In East Germany, what dissident writer Stefan Heym has called a "bleeding ulcer" is expected to fester as a result of new laws that went into effect this month, making it a treasonable offense to convey information to foreign countries. There are penalties of up to 12 years now to prevent a small but articulate band of dissidents from sending manuscripts to the West or making "derogatory" statements about their country in Western journals. The authorities are especially keen on stopping critics from sounding off in West German television because 80 per cent of East German families regularly watch its uncensored newscasts.

In the Soviet Union, a sudden return of traditional anti-Semitism this summer has helped to make his harder for Jewish activists and other dissidents, and KGB investigators expect new arrests and trials in the coming months. So far this year Moscow has greatly eased the emigration of Soviet Jews. A record 45,000 to 50,000 will leave this year. But some critical observers have seen this leniency as an attempt to wring additional grain imports, to say nothing of a \$400 million, from the U.S. And both those objectives will soon have been strained.

In Poland, meanwhile, Edward Gierka's government is walking a tight line between attempting to silence its more vocal critics and allowing a certain amount of protest as a safety valve in the aftermath of the Pope's visit. Intellectuals are being harassed and police

The Prospects: a member of safety valve



have put a halt to unauthorized private courses—known as “flynn” universities—which have been accused of profiting exploiting recent political and economic developments in terms highly unflattering to the authorities.

What are the reasons for the fresh clampdown in Czechoslovakia, East Germany and the Soviet Union? Some experts see it as part of a concerted scheme to ensure dissidents from the scene before the Moscow Olympics and the Madrid follow-up conference on the Helsinki agreements, both due to be held next year. “The Kremlin wants Moscow to quiet as a means for the games,” says Leopold Unger, a former Polish newspaper editor who now lives in Brussels. “There will be 300,000 foreigners in the city and the government knows how easy it would be for a handful of dissidents marching around Red Square to spoil the party.”

Unger also points out that the latest tier of the screw against human rights has taken place against a backdrop of stiff price rises in Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Hungary—the cost of gas, late foodstuffs and clothing has



AP/WIDE WORLD

Heart of darkness, hands for sharing

By Dan Turner

They're a quaint pair, really, to be in charge of the foreign policy of the seventh most powerful nation in the Western world. Seated at the Afri-Memorial Plaza MacDonald—telling thousands of young Rhodesian refugees at a Zambian camp that if they ever manage to get to Canada to study they should “just ask for Fiona.”

He—Prime Minister Joe Clark, smiling his best in wonder at the more than 100,000 people who greeted him in Cameroon, awkward at the genuine fervor the residents of the former French colony showed for Canada and its leader. “Although,” he recalls with a perky smile, “Macdonald did laugh and listen to one little fellow at a village we went to and he was shouting ‘Giscard, Giscard!’”

If it is hard to imagine the affable Clark playing the haughty role of France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, it is even harder to see MacDonald, at 5'6 1/2, a rhesus-toned boy, in the same win-at-all-costs league as someone like former U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Yet Clark and MacDonald are playing on the same field, sometimes with disastrous consequences—as in the fiasco of the positioning of the Canadian embassy in Tere—

san and sometimes with some grace and flair—as at the conference on the base people in Geneva and, in a more modest way, at the Tokyo summit and last week's Commonwealth conference in Lusaka.

Clark did not play what anybody could call a major role in arriving at the Commonwealth's guidelines for setting the intractable question of the future of Zimbabwe Rhodesia. British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was empowered by the conference to set up a review of the present constitution to reduce the powers of the white minority. But he could hardly have been expected to do so, given his relative lack of familiarity with the issue and the newness of his membership in the government. “Clark!”

Nevertheless, his four-month African tour, coupled with his experience at the Lusaka and Tokyo conferences, have provided valuable insights, which will have a strong influence on whatever foreign policy guidelines for the 1980s emerge from the External Affairs review which Clark and MacDonald have ordered, and which is expected to be completed within a year.

As their African tour ended last week, both felt able to talk at least tentatively about changes they would like to make. Clark says his main intention

is to make Canada a “broad-based”

of foreign policy under Pierre Elliott Trudeau “had to do with taking positions that were unrealistic and never intended to be honored.” The primary example is Trudeau's attempt to effect a “contractual link” between Canada and the European Community under the Third Option initiative announced in 1972. That was based on the contention that the country should lessen its dependence on the United States.

Despite the Third Option, however, trade with the United States has continued to account for around 70 per cent of the total and, says Clark, the importance of Canada's relationship with the United States is a “clear-given” in his foreign policy. That relationship “is going to continue to remain dominant. That doesn't mean they dominate us, that means that Canadian-American relations dominate our economies and, to some degree, our foreign policy considerations.”

Some Third World Commonwealth leaders have been “disappointed by persistent too high hopes” and, says Clark, their experience indicates that it is “best to be moderate and realistic about international aspirations. It

terms of our own country, what it teaches me is that we have to be careful as to where we put our help.... That it does make a difference that certain kinds of regimes—through embassies, or too much aid, or whatever—are going to waste what we give.” Countries which impressed him as good and targets were Bangladesh and Cameroon.

While contemplating of Trudeau's fixation with Europe, Clark says that doesn't mean there isn't a “significant opportunity for co-operation.” And he seems to believe that the Third Option search for new markets might actually have a better chance now, primarily because of improved entrepreneurial skills, especially in Western Canada where there is a lot of international experience in the oil industry.

But his primary target is the Pacific. And though he says he “wants to be tentative about it, because I don't want to go on embarking on anything that I don't see a point in pursuing,” he believes Canada could do better with China, both commercially and in terms of

working toward more stable Chinese-Western relations. The Japanese, he says, want to have “more reliance” on Canada for raw materials, knowing that they cannot do that without taking some of Canadian manufactured products.

MacDonald is convinced that his personal, experience-of-the-year approach to other countries will be a plus for Canada. While Clark was largely confined to base during the Commonwealth conference, MacDonald was out looking at refugee camps, talking to civil volunteers (in some cases providing them help for projects on the spot) and to Africans.

The interest both Clark and MacDonald express in the Third World is balanced by the fact that Canada's foreign aid as a percentage of GNP has started to slip, and Clark has said it is unlikely to rise above one-half of one per cent in the foreseeable future—a long way from the one per cent his predecessor Lester Pearson had in mind. □

Democracy without tears

It was a Late Friday of the highest order, with shivering generals and military bands competing with the flutes and drums of highland Indians and waving dignitaries so numerous that the chief list of cars was besieged by men with government stickers pinned over the company names. All were out to mark the inauguration of Ecuador's new president Jaime Roldós, the first democratically elected chief of state at the decade in the first of the Latin American nations to whom it might be said to apply.

The intention was most official: the hunking that led to the appointment last week of a temporary president in Bolivia—after trying to move toward democracy—or the bribe was needed to assist Anastasio Somoza from Nicaragua, but it was less important to the political future of the hemisphere. In fact, the two new governments already have clear ties. Roldós visited Menem shortly after the Senderista victory and rebel leaders were among the guests at the inauguration while U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance used the occasion for a 2 1/2-day visit to the Latin American heads of state group. They along with Roldós' former (representing husband Jimmy), and several European dignitaries, on Aug. 10 is to be the transfer of power to Roldós and the opening of the first session of Congress since 1980.



Roldós signs in without the hunking

Roldós started his five-year term not only with strong international sympathies but a population hopeful that it would now open to a military government and its inevitable corruption. The outgoing regime left with its reputation shattered by rampant corruption and the involvement of an army general in a political assassination last year.

Though Roldós, by contrast, is known most for his antidemocratic efforts in his early career, not everything will be easy

Roldós. There are signs of a dangerous split between the left and right in his own party, and public expectations of his administration are higher than he can possibly achieve because of the poor economic outlook.

While Ecuador is currently an oil exporter, revenues are falling sharply and by 1984 the income will be a net of imports. So, by then Roldós must somehow manage to replace oil with more agricultural and industrial products if he is to avoid social unrest and the risk of new military intervention.

Timothy Ross



Music: it would be easy to spoil the party

jumped overnight by anywhere from 50 to 58 per cent—and could be meant to discourage complaint.

But Jiri Pelikán, an exiled Czech dissident who was elected to the European parliament in June on the Italian Socialist list, is convinced that the arrest of the Prague dissidents, among other reasons, should be put down mainly to the tension building up in East Europe as Leonid Brezhnev nears the end of his rule. “The hard-liners are showing their muscles before the success of the race,” Pelikán told Macdonald’s. “In case any body forgets that it is they who keep the levers together.” Peter Lewis



Brown, Ronstadt and Time Magazine's cover

harm. One new paper running the story under the headline JERRY BROWN AND LINDA RONSTADT IN A WORLD OF HYPE AND HYPOCRISY, went on to say ironically: "Perhaps Linda Ronstadt does not realize the risks she is taking by being seen in public with an elected official."

But Brown's eight-year friendship with Ronstadt is sure to be an issue now. The two have never talked publicly of marriage and, despite everything, the United States is probably not yet ready for a live-in First Lady—especially one who has been linked romantically with rock singer Mick Jagger and comedian Steve Martin. Especially one who has been quoted as saying bluntly of her affairs: "I wish I had as much to bed as I get in the newspapers."

No doubt about it, the governor will have to cool her down—if not nearly put her in ice—before the New Hampshire primary next February, the first in the race to the White House. And he will have to live down the embarrassing rebuff the state senate handed out recently when it rejected his appointment of another woman in his life, Jane Fonda, this time a political ally, to the California Arts Council. The Senate recalled awkwardly her Vietnam wartime visits to Hanoi. But he is quite capable of doing so. Indeed he sometimes seems capable of anything. At the last minute, in 1976, Brown entered six presidential primaries and beat Carter in five.

Things have changed since then. At that time Brown was running as the knight on a white horse come out of the

Frontier: in a world of hype and hypocrisy

chance. And if he doesn't actually beat Carter, then he might very well damage him in reality in the early primaries next year that the White House will fall victim to a third man.

That Brown's entry into the Democratic race is of considerable significance to the United States' political future. And his campaign received an immediate boost when Everson (Chuck) Eilers, the director of black affairs for the Democratic National Committee in Washington, resigned his job to join the governor in California. Eilers' defection is especially embarrassing to Carter because the president rebuffed him on black support to win in 1976. Brown too has strong support among minority groups and the Eilers move gives him even more legitimacy with a percentage of the population that can swing the vote and has done so in the past.

So no one in the White House laughs at Jerry Brown anymore. They shake their heads in wonderment—not amusement—for when it comes to personal eccentricities, laughter is personal. The day it is difficult to think of anyone who could match his capers, in the history of America's flamboyant politics. Yet, such exploits as his trip to Africa earlier this year with his girlfriend, rock singer Linda Ronstadt, do not seem to have done him a bit of

harm. One new paper running the story under the headline JERRY BROWN AND LINDA RONSTADT IN A WORLD OF HYPE AND HYPOCRISY, went on to say ironically: "Perhaps Linda Ronstadt does not realize the risks she is taking by being seen in public with an elected official."

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Delaware

The Devil in Father Pagano?

The strange case of the tall, gaunt Father Bernard Pagano and the "Gentleman Bandit" went to trial last week, leaving the Roman Catholic community in Wilmington, Delaware, bewildered. Pagano, 51 years a priest, is beloved by his parishioners and praised lavishly for his work with the sick. But he is also charged by state police with six counts of armed robbery. And the accusations that led to the charges sparked an emotional and unexpected light on the life and works of this priest. He turns out, for example, to be something of an entrepreneur—and there is real doubt that the woman he lives with is, after all, his half-sister.

According to the prosecutors, Pagano's style as a holdup man was much less fancy than the one he used in the pulpit. Rather, they allege, he calmly strolled into his Wilmington-area stores last winter, put out a thick chrome-plated pistol and politely ordered: "Give me the money, please." On one occasion the scantily dressed, fedora-hatted gunman added, apologetically: "I wouldn't do this if I didn't have to."

Pagano became a suspect after a member of a parish he served in 1972 saw a composite picture of the "Gentleman Bandit" in a newspaper. It looked just like the priest. Later, eight witnesses picked him out of a police lineup and he has since faced three indictments. Not only that—but when the authorities started checking, his background was revealed as something less than impeccable. When he applied for a

New York, New Jersey, and trained in nearby Kearny. Again, although it is unusual for priests to acquire property, he and the widow are, according to tax records, joint owners of a \$50,000 house on two acres of land. They run a dog-breeding business on the premises and, it is said, Wilmington diocesan authorities noted a few years ago to stop Pagano from charging for a private consulting service he had set up.

For his part, Father Pagano has gently maintained his innocence throughout, claiming mistaken identity in the case of the robberies. He has continued, on bail, his tireless work as the popular assistant pastor of St. Mary's Refuge of St. Francis Church. And one of his friends, teacher Art Kewitewitz, compared him to Robin Hood. "He worked with kids in trouble, he worked with adults, he saved marriages," said Kewitewitz.



teaching position at a local college, for example, he said that he had a doctoral degree from the University of Pittsburgh and had taken postgraduate courses at Pennsylvania State University and the University of Illinois. When asked, these schools could find no records of Pagano as a student.

Then there is the question of his lifestyle. While most diocesan priests live in a rectory with their colleagues, Pagano has spent most of the past 15 years with a Wilmington widow, Dore Dornier. He says that she is his half-sister, but records show that Dornier was born in Philadelphia and resided in a Delaware orphanage while Pagano was born

in Newark, New Jersey, and trained in nearby Kearny. Again, although it is unusual for priests to acquire property, he and the widow are, according to tax records, joint owners of a \$50,000 house on two acres of land. They run a dog-breeding business on the premises and, it is said, Wilmington diocesan authorities noted a few years ago to stop Pagano from charging for a private consulting service he had set up.

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William Lawther



U.S.A. California dreaming: the odd man in

The detractors call him Governor Moon-bow because, as one of them put it, of his "Moon-like unapproachability." Others are him as the United States' last hope. But whatever you think of Governor Edmund G. Brown Jr. of California, he was now be considered a major force in U.S. politics. Last week he formed the "Brown, Exploratory Committee" to start full-time work on a campaign to challenge Jimmy Carter for the Democratic presidential nomination next year. He is the first challenger from Carter's own party Washington Bureau Chief William Lowther examines Brown's potential, his politics and his extraordinary performance in public life.

By William Lowther

On the face of it, California's Edmund G. (Jerry) Brown—former governor, current adherent of Zen Buddhism—seems a most unlikely candidate in the race to write the presidency away from Jimmy Carter. But the odds against him are certainly not greater than those faced by the unknown peasant farmer with "born-again" religious convictions who took as Gerald Ford in 1976. However subtle and quietistic the quest may seem, in United States politics Jerry Brown has a

By now, the monosexual indiscretions of **Margaret Trudeau** are a household embarrassment and the leged thrills on even though **Pierre Trudeau** has lost his throne in a devastatingly revealing interview with **Collette Frenette**, a contributing editor to male-oriented magazine *Playboy*. Margaret claims that the so-called "Rochester" in her book, *Beyond Trudeau—the man she 'fell in love with'* after a tumultuous involvement in New York—was Senator **Edward Kennedy**, even though reports of a romantic liaison between the couple were admittedly dismissed when first published in *Modern*'s last March 26. Margaret further claims she has sealed the lips of **Nancy O'Neil's** house, slept with him, "cheered up" her "son" and become entangled with singer **Donna Mills** with whom she speculates a "beautiful chocolate-colored daughter" could be created. "I feel the woman has been crying out for help," Frenette, 38, told

Trudeau: monosexual indiscretions



Modern's Steve interviewed Margaret both before and after the election. "I caught her at an interesting, but probably unfair, time because she realized her marriage was over," Frenette offered some things out of the interview but included a so-called transcript of the first phone call Margaret claims to have received from Trudeau in two years, as well as Margaret's poignant descriptions of an abortion she says she had in 77. Frenette's capsule reaction to Margaret was often, "Oh my God," as the former prime minister's wife reacted out phrases like "No way, Jan!" and "You know what I mean, jilly bear!" There were also times, says Frenette, when she felt like turning into "Auntie Celstia" to protect Margaret, because "she's the kind of woman you'd like to run, not walk, to a really good therapist."

For four years in the early 1980s, **Michelle Finney** co-starred with **Alan Hamel** and showed the world on the teeny-bopper TV series *Beale Street*. Every weekday, pubescent males across the country were into an after-school date as Finney grew up before the camera's

Finney goes to 'Beale Street'

creating the same sort of havoc **Annette Funicello** caused on *The Mickey Mouse Club* when she visibly began to mature. "We had to start cutting out some of the naive stuff because they looked like leopards," laughs Finney, who, at 25, feels it is time to drop the Beale image. "I'm very proud of the show, but that was 15 years ago. I can't live up to that." Now living in Toronto with her 10-year-old daughter, Finney has been busy making commercials for everything from toothpaste to perfume bags. This month she begins work on her first feature film, *Never Trust An Honest Pilot*, in which she shares billing with **Michael Murphy** and **Green Walter**. Needless to say, Finney is excited by the company she will be keeping, and plans to be on the set every day "whether I'm needed or not." Her first task, however, will be learning to control a 1953 *Jeep* that her character uses as a delivery van. "It's not hard to drive, except the brakes don't work and there isn't any first gear," she murmured after her first ride around the block.

Author **Fran Lebowitz** has been gadding about the contest promoting the paperback edition of her 1976 pact *Abjection Day*, and she's enjoying it so much that it may be difficult to copy her fingers back to the typewriter. "It's much easier to speak a sentence than to write one," says the 28-year-old New Yorker who counts talk shows among her hobbies and would consider making a career out of public appearances if

there were royalties involved. She is working on a new book, *Social Studies*, which she says will look "like a grammar-school textbook" complete with "a serious inside-the-idea and no lectures about major academic topics about which I know nothing." Though *Studies* is half-finished, chances are that Lebowitz's publishers aren't holding their breath for the manuscript. *Left* took 26 years to complete and was a year past deadline. "The publishers were very surprised to get it and I was surprised to give it to them. Deadlines are frequently missed," she mused dryly. Her next project will be a novel which should take her "about 35 years."

Central bass player **Charlie Hiddle** is living proof that the lifestyle of a jazz musician doesn't have to fall into the seamy, finger-snapping, drug-addled depravity that his stereotyped fans and many of his practitioners. After 20 years of playing "jazz" clubs in Quebec, Hiddle, 35, can honestly say that he has never been away from his family for more than three days at a time and has managed to live "a good clean life and live good clean music." Though he has managed some of the best jazz bands in the province and filled them with melodic sounds hailing from an era that grooved to **Charlie Parker** and **Miles Davis**, Hiddle claims he has never been properly acknowledged as an artist. Ironically, the elusive recognition may arrive next year when the festival-fare film *Crowded* is released. "They needed a

young old man to play a school janitor," says Hiddle, whose only previous acting experience was in a theatrical production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. In keeping with Hiddle's family image, his daughters **Suzanne**, 28, and **Stephanie**, 15, appear in the film with him as cheerleaders. "We're a real family. We stay together and we play together, but my daughter is a scholar and I tell you she can take care of herself."

In July, 1973, **Ross McLellan** ended a year for himself and the cat by leaving the network he had helped catalyze since the first flickering image found its way into the living rooms of the nation in 1958. Initially McLellan, 55, left to join the production team of *Nielsen-Penn* where he spent a year "wheel-spinning, wheel-pulling, wheeling and dealing." He went on to spend a year with a Toronto film company, a job which folded in February when the man who has been described as the "pioneer of television journalism" found himself a "casualty of a corporate shuffle." McLellan was scientifically "between jobs" when Toronto radio station *CFRB* approached him about filling in on a daily hour-long interview program. "I enjoyed it, after spending all these years bugging other people as a producer," he says of the hours he spent before the microphone with an "embarrassingly predictable" list of guests including **Paul Jenkins**, **Donna Corbit** and **Patricia Wells**. Describing his career as a "roller-coaster ride," McLellan says he would now entertain radio offers and is working on two books, one an anthology

he refuses to discuss and the other an "anecdotal, personal and autobiographical" examination of his years in TV which "promises to be as traditional as those years have been."

Ever since **Sean Connery** abandoned his James Bond persona eight years ago to play such roles as **Rafael Venz** (*Drive*) and **Morose** and a *Vietnam* criminal (*The Great Train Robbery*), audiences have had to get by mainly with an eight-by-30 glossy BKT played by **Roger Moore**. The Briton will still do this winter, however, when Connery, 49, re-does his Bond scope. There are at least two good reasons for the comeback. "I am bored about the way others have exploited James Bond," he has said. "Money is important," he has also said. Thus the Scotswoman will reportedly have a hand in writing the script, tentatively titled *Whodunnit*, and he has topped his fee from the original \$12,000 he received for *Dr. No* to a hefty \$8 million. Before renewing the infamous "license to kill," Connery will be on view in a film called *Code*. Perhaps as a warm-up to his aging role, he plays a necessary sufferer who goes to Havana on behalf of the dictatorship of **Fulgencio Batista** and ends up trying to help entrepreneur **Jack Welton** and plantation owner **Brooks Adams** escape from the advancing troops of **Fidel Castro. True to the Bond image, Connery ends up on the side of right and justice, transferring his affection to Castro's cause and indulging in the sugar cane with *Adams*.**

Edited by Marsha Boulton

The Hiddles: good clean family living



Connery: the return of James Bond



A giant's fragile kingdom

By Anthony Whittingham

If he had been wearing spurs and a ten-gallon hat, he couldn't have seemed more like the late Duke himself visiting before a hearing of the House Committee on un-American activities. "I don't think," huffed Thomas Murphy, chairman of General Motors Inc., "that in accordance with what made this country really great." It was a striking eulogy to free enterprise, but hardly sympathetic to the needs of competitor Chrysler Corp., which had just announced it is on the brink of financial collapse, calling for U.S. government help to bail it out with a loan of \$1 billion.

The shock waves from Chrysler's Detroit headquarters have been rolling for nearly two weeks. It has racked up accumulated losses of \$605 million during the past 18 months, may be on the verge of default on its bank loans and, in addition, to its unprecedented request for U.S. government aid, has called on the United Auto Workers union for a two-year freeze on employee wages and benefits.

Chrysler has long been known as the weakest rider among the Big Three U.S. automakers but the sudden baring of its soul nevertheless came as a jolt to the sensitive industry, already suffering from massive shifts in consumer buying habits caused by energy shortages throughout the U.S. this summer. More than two million model 1979 cars and

trucks jam acres of company storage lots both in Canada and the U.S. lately on both sides of the border ditched last week to more than 40,000.

Chrysler's troubles came as a surprise to many observers who had viewed the muscle turnaround following the appointment last fall of 50-year-old Lee Iacocca as Chrysler president. Iacocca, a legendary figure in the U.S. auto industry, took the wheel at Chrysler while still reeling from his abrupt dismissal earlier last year as president of Ford Motor Company. It was a move that, Chairman Henry Ford II never fully explained except to say "I don't like him" as he relegated Iacocca to a warehouse office near the Ford racing track while someone else was worked out. If Iacocca needed revenge, he has succeeded in part during the past six months by forcing seven key Ford executives to Chrysler.

The revolution needed to save Chrysler includes a massive capital expenditure required to shift into smaller, lighter cars and the even greater investment needed to keep up with the U.S. CAFE laws (Corporate Average Fuel Economy regulations) which call for a phased reduction in auto fuel consumption by 1985. Those moves were already under way at Ford and car before Iacocca arrived at Chrysler, and industry sources say it will be at least 1981 before Iacocca's influence can be seen. But, Chrysler's main hope for the booming compact and subcompact car market—the highly successful Dodge and Horizon models—accumulated a year ago—is seriously hampered because Chrysler has to

buy its engines from Volkswagen.

While Chrysler undergirds its painful writing and howling in the U.S., its Canadian subsidiary, Chrysler Canada Ltd., can do little but sit and wait—more than a little frustrating in that Chrysler Canada, except for currency exchange losses, is actually profitable.



and enjoys a much healthier share of Canada's car market (18 per cent vs. 11 per cent in the U.S.) car sales in Canada have been strong throughout 1979, with the Canada Ltd. of Oshawa, Ontario, reporting records.

"What's really striking," says Douglas Sheehan of Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd., Oakville, Ont., "is the continuing strong appetite among Canadian consumers for larger model cars. The energy crunch just hasn't made the same impact here." While the Big Three report growing interest in Canada in the smaller line of cars, those gains have taken place at the expense of imported cars. Canada's auto production remains mainly of regular and mid-range models, most of which are destined for the increasingly uncertain U.S. market.

At week's end, developments at the beleaguered Chrysler operation in Detroit continued to change rapidly as the union and the U.S. government continued to respond to the company's pleas. Both sides were taking the position that the company's requests could not be entirely met—leaving continued speculation about where the whole thing will end.

Conventional warfare

The battle begins softly, then builds. "Canada is a celebration Canada is a year filled with joy!" The words are said from (great) to dynamic, rolling farm country, sparkling lakes, potpourri potting, pipers piping. "Come to Canada... expect the unexpected." Be relaxed, so effortless and at a cost of nearly \$6 million to the Canadian government, an expensive 30-per-cent jump over last year as Canada's tourism advertising in the U.S. peaks this summer increasingly anxious to reduce Canada's swollen \$800-million travel deficit with the U.S., it has become as ugly problem as its buildup that's increasingly bad-tempered.

This week in Ottawa a long-simmering dispute between Canada's hotel industry and U.S. border television stations may heat up further as Canadian government officials meet with U.S. counterparts at the request of the U.S. Office of the Special Representative for Trade Negotiations investigating a complaint by the TV owners that Canada is discriminating against them.

"We never wanted a dispute," says Reginald Greene, president of Hilton Canada Ltd. and spokesman for the Hotels Industry Association of Canada. "What we want and what the U.S. border stations want have nothing to do with one another. These people are holding us up for ransom." Firing back



For the other side is David Mitta, president of KRCR-TV (R.C.) Ltd., the Canadian subsidiary of a border television station in Bellingham, Washington.

"None of us wants to do anything detrimental to Canada. All we want is just recompense."

The recompense he seeks is for an estimated \$6 million in revenue lost each year by 31 U.S. northern television stations from Maine to Washington in the years since Canada, in a wave of cultural nationalism, passed RTO C-36. That law made it financially disadvantageous for Canadian businesses to place advertising in foreign media. U.S. border stations had previously claimed off an annual 10 per cent of Canadian advertising expenditures. In hearings last November before a special U.S. trade tribunal convened by the border stations demanding retaliation against Canada, Mitta was clear in his advertising. He said the Canadian took his signals and God bless them. We wanted them to. That was an augmentation of our potential income. KRCR—like other border stations—is officially licensed by the U.S. to serve only its U.S. market, but because of its location near lush Canadian population centres it advantageously times part of its programming, and when possible its ads, in Canadian consumers.

For their part, Greene and his tourist group want changes in a U.S. tax amendment, also passed in 1976, which discourages U.S. citizens from attending conventions in foreign countries. It's a law which they say has cost the Canadian tourism industry \$100 million. Canada badly denies linkage between television and tourism, but the U.S. broadcasters see the two as mutually exclusive. Backed by an estimated \$500,000 from Worcester Enterprises Inc. (owners of KRCR) and Taft Broadcasting Company (owner of WRCR in Buffalo, N.Y., and Canada's Wanda-

Hilton President Reginald Greene: border stations demanding retaliation against Canada.

land, a \$100-million amusement park starring Yogi Berra, under construction north of Toronto) and others, the television stations have succeeded in persuading several key U.S. senators that the two issues are indeed linked. Senator Jacob Javits of New York, for example, favored an amendment to the U.S. tax law exempting Canada and Mexico until a month ago. Now, he says Canada should be dropped from the amendment "conditional on the resolution of the U.S.-Canadian broadcast dispute." "Canadians have yet to adopt a similar tactic. "We refuse to sink to the same level by trying to pressure the Canadian government to sell out the broadcasting laws to further our own goals," says William Darrow, executive vice-president of the Communications Association of Metropolitan Toronto, to "that we intend to take the gloves off, if that's the way they want it."

Anthony Whittingham

The Grecian formula: 19 stores

The bread is Lebanese, the meat from New Zealand, the idea Greek via Chicago. Veterans fast-food with Lendevy Brothers, 44, are an accounting and insurance tax professor at the University of Missouri, has a handful of hang on the grow. The sandwich he calls the Grecos Deneos—spiced meat cooked on a spit, sweet sauce, tomatoes and onions all wrapped in Lebanese (pita bread)—is moving into middle-level markets. He says, "That we'll get our share." Currently dispersed only at Beaugre's Bridging chain of 15 restau-

Chrysler's losses and the Plymouth Nord. Its unprecedented request for aid.



It worked, on the surface



By Hal Quinn

Record crowds are milling around the York University Tennis Centre in Toronto this week for a couple of reasons. They are Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe, the world's best tennis player fresh from his fourth straight Wimbledon title and his impetuous aspiring rival. Borg, McEnroe and the rest of the best male tennis players, except for perennial child Jimmy Connors, are there for one reason: to prepare for the U.S. Open. And all of the best women players, except Evonne Goolagong-Cawley, are not there for one reason: Money.

For tennis fans the wigs are irrelevant, for the tournament sponsor, Imperial Tobacco, they are admitted and were calculated. For 39 years, the Canadian Open Tennis Tournament had dwelled dreamily along, residing in one's mind Forest Hills or Wimbledon. Take its counterpart in golf, which used to be scheduled almost to collide with the British Open, the tennis championship has long slotted the prestigious and lucrative U.S. Open and avoided the game elite's preference of staying home to prepare for the big one. But this year, from the cosmetic to substantial, things have changed.

Two years ago, Rothmans took over sponsorship of the Canadian Open Tennis Tournament which began in 1890. Rothmans' first purse was \$25,000 and that escalated to \$200,000 last year. As promised, Rothmans bowed out, for its own corporate and brand identification



Borg, McEnroe, Goolagong-Cawley soon came for practice on the new courts and the women stayed away for the money

renewed and Imperial Tobacco stepped in.

Armed with tobacco profits, Imperial took a couple of calculated gambles. At Flushing Meadows, New York, site of the U.S. Open, a new surface was installed last year. Called Deco Turf, it is a number of layers of leathers and silers, subterfuge cushion, sand and acrylic mix. The result is a fast (faster than clay) and hard (depending on the number of layers of cushion) surface. With tennis' Grand Prix circuit playing 30 events trying for the big-name players, Imperial knew it had to have a gimmick. Deco Turf was the answer.

The company spent more than \$150,000 refurbishing the York courts, including the tarring out of the three-year-old synthetic clay surfaces and installing Deco Turf. The final step was preparing the surface to the precise speed and hardness specification of the Flushing Meadows courts. The tournament's scheduling two weeks before the U.S. Open suddenly was no longer a liability but as asset, the new courts proving the players a chance to adjust to the surface in preparation for the big one in New York.

Imperial then signed the International Management Group, one of the most powerful sports management and promotion agencies in North America,



whose No. 1 client just happens to be a blonde Swede named Borg. His pal Vitas Gerulaitis naturally agreed to play, as did the rest of the "newcomers." Imperial then matched Rothmans' purse of last year, \$215,000 (U.S.) and all but one of the gambles paid off.

Imperial off-and-on-again decision to boost the women's purse until it was too late. It stands at \$35,000—roughly to get Goolagong-Cawley because she is an 180 client, a personal friend of the tournament director and not a member of the Women's Tennis Association. Under WTA rules, the women have to compete in the biggest prize money event of the week, which happens to be a \$100,000 tournament in Virginia. That the women's half of the event is still decidedly minor-league.

But the men's field in the most star-studded event to play in Canada, the best outside of Flushing Meadows and Wimbledon, and tennis fans have responded. The previous record for ticket sales for the one-day event was about 20,000, yet by the eve of the opening match last Saturday more than 35,000 tickets had been sold. The 5,000 seats for each of the last three days had been sold out for a week, despite the addition of 500 portable seats. Organizers finally had to allow for 1,000 standees.

The tournament, named the Mayor's International Tennis Championships as part of Imperial's deal, shaped up as a classic odd-favoring a Borg-McEnroe or Borg-Tanner final. Thanks to fresh tobacco money, and Deco Turf, things had changed.

Deferred glory—same time next year

By Lawrence O'Toole

Like Jean, the Stratford Festival's artistic director Robin Phillips is content upon saving the good wine until last, "last" meaning, of course, to his final season there next year. Word has it that he'll bring back some of the big guns—Maggie Smith, Home Crosby, Jessica Tandy—and lavish portions of time and energy on those forthcoming productions, to add further glory to the fanfare surrounding his departure. Meanwhile, in serving the best craft last, Phillips has allowed the current season to be fallow, devoting much time to petal-picking ponderings regarding his tenure. "I'll go, I won't go, I'll go." "Some cars can almost leave," he won't dance, don't ask me." Those cars that have arrived the onslaught of Stratford's second spring last week, ones that expected to come into contact with theatre's international cabaret (thanks to Phillips' efforts during the last few years, have been sent home with a slight ache.

To look at the bright side, the festival and its staff members to go but up. Three new productions saw the guest from Canada (a decent rendering of Canadian playwright Steve Poir's decent new play, *Violence*) to head (an inadequate North American premiere of Edward Bond's *The Women of a Certain Age*) (a somewhat disastrous *Othello*).

Shakespeare's most sexual play, *Othello* makes painless emotional demands on its actors. And it requires a tireless attention from its director, who should be absorbed with showing in. And that, in turn, turns into a lot of a joke, hardly enhancing Nicholas Pennell's brave stab at the role. You never really feel that this man has shaken hands with evil, his whining and wretchedness, merely out to even a score. (When Pennell and Smith go at each other in the second act, it's like watching home plant-mothers. There's a marked tenderness in this production for the actors to put their lines and talk to each other rather than to each other.)

As for Dennis Reynolds, how can one so eminently qualified to play *The Greek*

Eliot Henry, most Cooper in *The Women's* (swearing language, releasing grief)

composure of a man who's truly happy it's during the second act, when his soliloquy, lags, contemplates him with the suspicion that Desdemona is unfaithful, that his rhythm goes awry. With all the swooning, raving, raving and frenzied ruminations, Scarle's *Othello* becomes a travelling feel. There's no emotional gradation in the performance, no sense of a fine man slowly losing connection with his better instincts.

Throughout the play, Hyland has made much of legs' "honest" appearance—so much that it becomes a running joke. The rest of the actors keep bearing down heavily upon those references, infusing them beyond the call of duty. And that, in turn, turns into a lot of a joke, hardly enhancing Nicholas Pennell's brave stab at the role. You never really feel that this man has shaken hands with evil, his whining and wretchedness, merely out to even a score. (When Pennell and Smith go at each other in the second act, it's like watching home plant-mothers. There's a marked tenderness in this production for the actors to put their lines and talk to each other rather than to each other.)

As for Dennis Reynolds, how can one so eminently qualified to play *The Greek*

Gerson be the sweet, seduced and frightened Desdemona? Her love readings are stilted and staccato—the dull thud of soft words.

Certainly more tolerable than *Othello* is the more modest *Victoria* by Steve Poir (Turkish Delight, Stage Canada), one of Canada's most interesting young playwrights. Hearty and carefully written, *Victoria* charts the interplanetary progress of a family coming to terms with itself while returning for one last look at their summer home in the Bays desert. The mother, Elisabeth, is a middle-aged widow who can't understand her children and has fallen into the trap of caring too much. Vicky, who is going through some unidentified emotional crisis, has arrived with her lover, a strong-and-wildest ex-con. As Robert, has been hanging out for weeks with a dope-buddy he picked up on the road. Since it's a family drama, the only woman brandished is an ironic tone.

Pitch is a good, siltary juggler of words when it comes to handling that tone, but he might have remembered the device of Tolstoy's observation—every family is dull after its own fashion. The characters seem to be going through a kind of emotional crisis, their deepest feelings obscured. Poir admits he was "going after the unconscious feeling" and admits as well that

his "usually not aware of an emotional reason for writing a play." Perhaps that's the problem. Cowell is the great of the family drama he says he wanted to write, he has managed relatively unscathed. The lights and reconfigurations, the "nostalgic" "like" speeches, the gulls and the family photo (in this case a father killed on a car accident) are too restrained for this kind of thing.

Under Kathryn Shaw's direction the actors (Tom Wood, Richard McMillan, John Cullis) do decent, honest work in what is essentially a dinner, honest play. But the mother-daughter relationship—the fulcrum—has been misused and employed. As Elizabeth, Jennifer Phipps seems to have been infected by a bug called Maggie Smith, fingers twirling hair, lip writhes flapping, the mocking almost-evil voice. It's a mannered, busy performance and Phipps, going for power-hands, is just a bit too bullying. Kasey Austin plays the title character contentedly, a young womanless at her sides virtually throughout. If there are people who let their arms hang by their sides all the time that's no reason to have a captive audience to watch them. Austin holds too much back. And so, for that matter, does Petch. In theatre it's not enough to show how people behave—you have to show why.

Scenes: the dull third of head words



This is the (spatial) province of British playwright Edward Bond (*The Sea, The Women*). There are two reasons to see *Stratford* now: one is to see the first staging in North America of Bond's new play, *The Woman*, the other is to marvel at Martha Henry's performance in it. *The Woman* is a master piece of literature, wealthy with dramatic effect. At three hours it's almost tedious to watch, but it compels you to think Bond breaks all the rules in terms of structure, language and pace. *The Woman* grows under its own name. It runs, jumps, hobbles, crawls and sleeps.

A reworking and extension of *The Trojan Women*, it deals with the most psychosocial form of name-calling—war. What Bond is saying is that the pursuit of happiness is a simple activity complicated by aspiration for power and the construction of pride-plans. Old Greek tragedy. The Greek soldiers, under Heros (Craig Dudley) and the soldiers Nestor (William Hutt), have been waiting outside Troy for years. Prians has just died; they want the statue of a golden woman and will leave if they get it. Heros' wife, Iamene (Clare Coulter), is sent with a delegation to Hecla (Henry) to retrieve the statue, but the women's land wants make a pact to stop the nonsense. Iamene, tired for treason, is walked up in Troy and Heros kills Hecla's young son. In the face of such horror, the grieving Hecla gouges out an eye.

By understanding the language, Bond achieves form and a historic simplicity, by alternately modernizing it, he attenuates the absurdities. Hecla, the day after the games, Iamene, Iamene, a republic. Hecla, That's right, you've called something else. And by having the climax occur at the end of the first act, Bond has done something daring, but has left the play to whisper to its end.

Shut away from the world is the company of Iamene, who has gone mad. Hecla also out of the rest of her life with an equanimy only emboldened by Heros' return for the statue. She waits for her chance for revenge by arranging a race between Heros and a crippled man worker (Jim McQueen) who will see for Iamene when she is gone. Hecla's triumph is her knowledge that it is the coming, not the work, who inherit the earth. As Bond told Hecla's play is "a rhapsody, a celebration of humanity and human courage, initiative and coping."

A difficult play that begs a second sitting. *The Woman* is a passionate polemic, Shakespearean in its references (*Love, The Taming of the Shrew*). But director Peter Mann and Troy Kunda have modernized it rather than human-



Out of the head of playwright Patrick (from left) Cullis, Phipps and Wood in 'Victrola' drama of emotional eclipse

ized it. And the actors are too weak for it. Clare Coulter is loud, fast-like voice, whole fine for childlike madness, can't reach declaratory heights. As Heros, Craig Dudley doesn't speak his lines, he says them.

It's left to the magnificent Henry to make sense of Bond for us. As the middle-aged queen of Troy (though got up to look like Aretha Franklin after the *Scarsdale* style), she defies questions—a highly developed defiance for the obtuseness of reason and the paucity of style in other people—and there are still glimmers of it, even as she stumbles, blind, along the island. Her plea for her child's life is heartrending; you watch the hands trying to find expression for her disabled, trying to unravel the mystery of why someone would want a "blind" solution. When she tells Iamene, "When I was your age I was emotional," you believe her. She dominates everyone on the stage, plays lion to their Christinas. When her voice rises to meet Bond's words you hear the mass of fireworks and the soft beating of the heart that has set it off. That, very briefly, is what *Stratford* should be about. ☐

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Tom Carter
(J.F.P.)

This is serious. The jazz filled with well-orchestrated waltzes and rhapsodies, it's jazz to smile, nod and listen with. Carter's early '60s Miles Davis background shows through, particularly as an eight-minute selection called *Gypsy* that features him on the sax, nicely accented by Joe Henderson's understated tenor sax, Tony Williams on high-hat and cymbals and Chick Corea on acoustic piano for a change. He all of the other selections, a seven-piece horn section tends to invade on the equally distinctive work of the quartet. Nevertheless, if you liked Tom Carter's contributions on V.S.O.P. or *Whispering*, you should be listening to this album.

Marcus Houston

ZELINKA ORCHESTRAL WORKS
Gerald Barry
(Polygram—3-Quartet)

A treat for the jaded palate. Zelinka was a contemporary of Bach, apparently an unlikely, deeply religious misanthrope who flourished (or rather fiddled) at the court of Dresden. His music is virile, quirky and obstinate—he writes as if he's a seer—and his Capriccio quartet ragdolls for the unruly who expect comfortable baroque. He's also an affecting orator, a humanist and a master of form. Sometimes inspirational failures (he's frequently because when he has to end a piece) but he's never less than agreeable. The vigorous soloists include Heinz Holliger (violin) and also and Barry Tuckwell (organ) among some delicious high horn parts with flutes. Both playing and recording are so subtle and so colorful as you could wish.

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From left: Thorsen. Then left to right around the globe—David Lister • Richard Alway • Dave Hodge • David Lister (not) missing

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- 11:10 Thursday News Analyst Richard Alway comments on key issues and events, unlocking a historical perspective to the news today
 - 11:15 David Talbot, editor of the Financial Times reviews "Money Matters" from your point of view
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The people people listen to

Music



For the record

MOZART EDMUNDO

Karl Böhm

(Philips — 4 records)

Opera sets in ancient Greece—but also a blazing drama containing some of Mozart's most extraordinary music. Too often Peter Schöller, Edith Mathis and Wieslaw Ochman sing charmingly but with "all manner spent us," just when we need to be crushed. Conductor Böhm also seems happy playing high-point not pretentious. Only Julia Varady lives dangerously, she makes a superb, infamous *Electra*. Nonetheless, there's much to applaud Böhm's recordings, and this is probably the best recording to date, even if slightly too bland.

Mozart by Mitchell, a bold adventure

His songs get bogged in epic struggles between science and nature. Side 2's far livelier with brash backup from Crazy Horse, a pumped-up song called *Stolen Delivery* and another that offers the interesting promise that we're workers make better lovers. After his pining for Poochanka, it comes in a welcome change.

LAULIMAS AND OYING LIVING AND OYING

Kelly (Cassidy) Owlbrook

(Capitol)

Anybody interested in Eliza Presley sound-alikes can forget Robert Gordon and pay attention to a real country monster. Like Elvis, at least in his glitzy, postwar days, Owlbrook has a warm, smooth voice that offers the promise of middle-aged sex. And not even zero, for all their interest in the local, could come up with anything quite like *Station Wagon Mama* (Capitol).

John Pearce

THE R.I.S.

(The 6-CD)

(JVC)

The long-awaited and very welcome debut album by these five, good-natured originals from Georgia should alert every close (to the joys of the Bluegrass, the Sky Train and the Bluegrass) the guitars suggest the *Yodelers*, Phil plays the mandolin, and Kate and Cindy sing their glad tidings like best-friend husbands.

PAUL NEWBERRY

Neil Young and Crazy Horse

(RCA)

The agency and melancholy in Young's voice make him appealing even when

MUMFORD

Jim Mitchell

(JVC)

Mitchell's collaboration with the late Charlie Hodge, jazz bass player and composer who wrote the music for four of the six songs, must be credited as a bold adventure. But Mitchell's voice and lyrics alone sound too calculated and the reflective music becomes overbearing—making some songs seem to last forever. During *Sweet Sadler Dance*, you could complete a college degree.

David Livingstone



Firewell, plastic and computerized world. Good morning, elegance.

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Books

Midnight cries and whispers

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS
by Elizabeth Hardwick
(Penguin House, \$11.95)

The sleepless nights of Elizabeth Hardwick's masterly new work have nothing to do with reaching out for that small plastic bottle of capsules vaguely outlined on the night-sides they're manufactured by memory. Growing older and brightly lit touch, Hardwick frets over the fate of her old friends, some dead, others as far away as a billion dollars. She cruises through her life—growing up in Kentucky, the height of jazz in New York in the '40s, quiet days in New England, back in Manhattan again with its speedy payment—and registers up the ghosts populating those places. More than anything, Hardwick is repaying a debt—the one we all owe to those who have sharpened our perceptions, aided our advances or, simply, planted inside us seeds of affection. Patently a novel, *Sleepless Nights* is the finest form of autobiography: less about who Elizabeth Hardwick is (essayist, critic, novelist, New York intellectual) than about how she became who she is.

Having drawn old haunts, looking upon hidden corners of experience that have been covered like furniture in a deserted summer house, Hardwick appears to be indulging in an unconcerned stream of thought. Yet despite the disjuncted chronology, every incident and detail yields a wealth of insight and boomerangs back to the formation of the writer's character. She merely records, considers and comments sparingly, sympathetically. Miss Laverie, one of the rooming-house ladies from the book, goes to Arthur Hays Sulzberger every night, but returns home on the subway exhausted, her worn black pumps pinching her feet. Out again on the street, she stands at the curb, looking for ways to prolong the night. Winsor Hardwick, "The wife, my friend, is not as easy as it looks."

She has an empathy for the weak. More important, an understanding: "True, with the weak something is always happening: improvement, surprise, suspense, rejection, manipulation, hypochondria, sweet drinking." The

weak have the purest sense of history. Anything can happen." Hardwick's style is the purest distillation of irony, but without condescension. And in that crystalline style (which some may find too pedantic) the weak merge with the power of poetry, as in a description of the great jazz singer Billie Holiday: "The creamy lips, the city eyelids, the vibrant perfume—and in her voice the rugged L's and R's. Her presence, her singing created a large, swelling identity. Here was a woman who had never been a Christiana."

Sleepless Nights, apart from a parched stretch set in Holland, has the imperiousness of a perfect miniature. Every word is precisely chosen, every sentence pellucid and uncompromising. Life is "love and alcohol and clutter in the sleep," sure, is "that too bag of a word which steps in the conditional," love is a process whereby people wear themselves out "missing the eye of the needle." "Altogether too much of life is lost," Renata Adler wrote in *Speedboat*, a cousin of Hardwick's book in both form and feeling. So difficult to evoke, mood and its governing power over the human condition is exactly what Hardwick harnesses. The romantic repertoire of this autobiography, where the / modestly admits itself most of the time, is as good and as quietly stirring as anything written in the past 50 years. For once, straight through the eye of the needle.

Lawrence O'Toole



Hardwick: manuscripts are made of this

may?" Elzabete decides that heaven can wait, maybe hell won't be so bad after all. And Elinor has just begun.

Put up with the heckling from hell, with the one-man purgatory fire created in Minneapolis by a slip of the tongue, and with the backing of the Holy Family ("Some Grace, some Heaven," grunts Mary, a longtime Yankee Virgin), God calls a politician (poor confession). He created heaven and hell because the contrasts made for better art. He lectures—too bad! He never freed his audience. So, ever the showman, He releases His long-preserved Apocalypse Now: creation crumples back into the void.

In the two hours' read of Elinor's poignant, darned-if book, all eternity ticks away. *The Living End* is divinely written, saturnally funny and colorfully wise.

Bill MacVicar

Seeking the keys to the mysteries

THE JUNEY TRILOGY
By Jacques Poulin
Translated by Sheila Fischman
(January 30 '92)

A ny poet seldom opens up a world for us, and Jacques Poulin is more than merely good. His *Junej Trilogy* thrives on cats and beads, on lovers and the St. Lawrence, on the magical city of Quebec. All lovely, all important, yet they don't reach the heart of Poulin's world, a playful, self-contained universe as irreducible as jazz. "My childhood resembles an old ruined castle, inhabited by cats," says the narrator of the third novel. But later, having found a pathway back, he realizes that "essentially, each person's world is bound to like all the others." This trilogy is alive with the dreams and traumas that linger under every skin.

Although Poulin is a translator himself, none of his work has appeared off home in English, first published between 1967 and 1970. The *Junej Trilogy* brings together his last three novels (The fourth won Le Prix La Presse, the fifth won a Governor-General's Award, and neither has been translated yet.) There are contradictions here between the novels, but each stands happily on its own. The first and shortest, *My Heart for a Kingdom*, is also the only one with a strong political consciousness. Its pained hero blows up a soldier and a monument with little explanation and no remorse. Yet the violence within him is mesmerizing, and the prose leaps forward into a story direction. Not till his second novel, *Alanya*, does Poulin find a resonant voice.

"I'm prepared to tell everything," *Alanya* announces, "but I've never managed to really talk to somebody." Out of this bitter solitude, the child populates a universe: the Grand Prix of Monaco, a herd of sea elephants on the St. Lawrence, Eliot Ness and violence erupting postle to fill the vacuities within, for his parents have abandoned love. Poulin, like Marie-Claire Blais, Gabrielle Roy and several other French-Canadian writers, has an extraordinary ability to take us inside the body and spirit of a child. "The biggest fear is the whole city of Quebec," he proclaims, desperate to tell the truth. The end of *Alanya*—a haunting, escape from the fierce—tangles a grotesque fantasy with an equally grotesque truth. In short, a fearful triumph.

The final novel is the trilogy, *The Heart of the Man Who*, is also the most intricate and the most personal. "Either you live like everyone else or you write the key to the mysteries." Here are Poulin's mysteries. Poulin's search, then, a writer called Noll has just returned the transplant of a young girl's heart and begins to lose his grip on the beloved ordinary world exactly as he finds a passage to another, strangely familiar realm. (There are striking similarities to Doris Lessing's celebrated *The Members of a Summer*, published three years later.) Noll is drawn away by "a layer of gentleness, a sea of oil that blocked off everything," yet while it exists a terrible pain, the gentleness provides him with a key. And if the door opens to oblivion, no retreat is possible. Dangerous territory for any writer it's much easier to explore Quebec City than to forage through a histerical world.

But Poulin is rarely pretentious and strictly convincing. His novels are remarkable for their keen balance between past and present, landscape and fantasy, gravity and wit. In *My Heart for a Kingdom*, he mentions "the kind of false beauty that makes me think of a Samsa perpetually feeling on itself." His own work is otherwise nourished by observation, sympathy and memory, an incoherent fire.

Mark Almy

Hollywood and whine

BLUE PAGES
By Eleanor Perry
(McClintock and Stewart \$12.95)

P OINT OF VIEW, the camera eye's perspective on a particular scene, POV here is controlled exclusively by La-

ura Wade, a New York screenwriter given to aphoristic ramblings. There are many clichés and, as a rule, the camera is not kind to the principal—and justifiably male—characters. The term "blue pages" one imagines the producer will explain to her, means "bad reviews." In fact, as Laura discovers, it really means he can do anything he damn-well-pleases in her script. The term becomes emblematic of Laura's own diminishing role in Hollywood, a woman in an industry that is, by her account, male-dominated and grotesquely sexist. She is also a writer, whose lowly status is more or less taken for granted in the local pecking order. Poor Laura. She does have rather a time of it.

Well, rereadables is at hand. She Pope is less novel than feminist polemic Eleanor Perry, a New York screenwriter whose notable work (*Don't and Love, Diary of a Mad Housewife*) has been in collaboration with director Frank Perry, her ex-husband, seems determined to settle up old scores. Manifested and put upon as the tale wends on a misbegotten western, Laura meets the true Vince Wade, her director-husband, several years her junior, without cast on her for another woman. The whole enterprise has a vegetative bias to it. This character is Frank Perry, right? And isn't that Truman Capote? Isn't what's-his-name meant to be Sam Spidee, the producer? Perry's heroines Pat Lowrey semi-collaborate with her for something enough, even without the sheer force of her quiet anger. After Laura does appear a bit too strongly apparent, however, and the pervasive misogyny-in-reverse can become grating after a while. One finds this book may have been good therapy for Perry, but the last, possibly novelized on a psychiatrist's bill, and that there is probably a movie role in the offing. In Laura's crises, this qualifies as a happy ending.

TINSEL
By William Goldman
(Knopf \$10.95)

T he most notable feature about this Hollywood novel is the jacket, which might every night tell you something about the book. On the inside back cover is the heading WILLIAM GOLDMAN HAS CREATED, and listed underneath are the "creations" novels such as *Boys and Girls Together*, *Marilyn*, *Mrs. Mapple*, screenplays such as *Thelma*, *Twist*, *Goodbye*, and *The Swingers*. *Red, White and Blue*. Considering such products, one might reasonably bridle at the high-faloot grandiosity of "created," but this would be to miss the point—in the high-stakes world where William Goldman has

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Updated Dante in Minneapolis

THE LIVING END
By Stanley Elkin
(Yale June \$10.00)

G uessed down by a robber, a benign Minneapolis liquor-store owner called Elzabete finds himself, with no small surprise, at the Pearly Gates. Angels ride clouds and stream harp. A choir sings "Oh, dear golden singers." Elzabete thinks heaven is surprisingly on the small side, but begins to weep for joy—when St. Peter heartily tells her, "Go to Hell."

Thus begins Stanley Elkin's *The Living End*, a headbilly tale and clever parody on *The Fear Last Things* (death, judgment, heaven and hell) or rather as the ragging of literal religion about them we all cart around. Elkin

can write, if now and again too facetiously, and his cryptic wit updated Dante by way of Hobbins, allowing the shuffling of a man to be solitary, poet, saint, bratish and short.

We rejoice Elzabete 62 years later, "older now as a dead man than he had been as a living one," but still "Elzabete's goodness." And he's finally ready to surrender, lying down in unworldly clouds and burning turf, when he asks God for an explanation "Why not?" "You stayed open on the Sabbath," charges God, "when you were just getting started in your new location." And owns and dawns and smoked. "And thought that heaven looked like a theme park." And, as it happens, was not far off the mark. Despite the ambrosia and the hymns, Elkin's paradise is a snug little getting-by of a place, a distant village in the Sun Belt—reaching the canyon passed by Samuel Beckett's Molloy. "Might not the best life vision be about the source of boredom in the long

divorced for many years, no less a verb would suffice. "Created" is an awkward, convoluted word, a sign of defensive compensation by industry and validated by commercial success. By these Gwyneth standards, William Goldman is a genuine creator. And if his latest creation is about anything, it is about packaging, about putting over *The Deal*. Though what passes for plot here is astutely concerned with such a theme, *Deal* perhaps tells us less as story than as paradigm. *Deal* lives down to its name.

The denizens of its Hollywood include the usual assortment of studs and bombshells, the burnt-out roses of *Bel Air* who have too much money, too few morals and far too little imagination. *Deal* actually refers to the title of a script, a labyrinthine lesson on the last hours of Marilyn Monroe. The script is introduced as the link between the principal characters. It is, at best, a tenuous link. Goldman's idea of obsequiousness means the characters have cute nicknames and talk smart. His idea of character description is that of the evening director: the satyr producer is a Leslie Howard type, the jealous husband is a Robert DeNiro type, the producer's mistress son is a ringer for Tippi Herd. There are two rat-in-junkie dumb blondes—in this case, not an embarrassment of riches, just an embarrassment. *Deal* is so scintillating as back issues of *People* magazine. Delirious nonstop snickers will have to bite the bullet. The only truly poisonous activity here is the way Goldman drags real names in order to lend his feeble creation some spurious authenticity. John Lawlor breathes

Films



Beauty and the creased: a celebration of age

JUST YOU AND ME TOO
Directed by Leonard Stern

Burns, Strickland straightening the record

"How do I know you're not a person?" she asks. "If I was," he replies, "I'd have made pretent."

And that, folks, is about as funny as it gets, a level comparable with, but certainly no better than, the better television sitcoms. As a bare script, *Just You and Me Too* would be marginally saleable at best, but with the remarkable George Burns playing himself better than ever (see *Portrait*, page 18), it has been developed into a delightful movie. What it lacks in laughs, it makes up for in smiles.

In the beginning, *Kal* is known as a wit, which means that the film is built around the public perception of a star. John Wayne made vehicles. Burt Reynolds and Clint Eastwood made virtually nothing else. *Kal* is a vehicle for the married, but unmarriageable, talents of Burns as character, Bill Grant, does precisely what we expect him to do and we absolutely adore him for it, in a world getting meaner and meaner, just men are a good comfort.

Grant is an ex-convict living in his early 80s, living well in contemporary Los Angeles thanks to the stock he

bought, at Al Johnson's urging, in the 1930s. One day he finds naked runaway Kate—played well but not spectacularly by Brooke Shields—in the trunk of his *Deer-Arrow*. An orphan and survivor of six foster homes, she is being hunted by a dope dealer whom she has double-crossed and taken for \$20,000. Grant brings her home. Since he is a bit peculiar and since he has been on the receiving end of three previous suits in his long lifetime (it's a nice touch that we never learn whether or not he was culpable), his daughter, played by Jane's Lorraine Gary, conspires with having him put away. She does so honestly and reluctantly, ironically, which is also a nice departure from the usual contrived quality of such roles, when, as is happy as any of the principles who, in the end, it all works out so nicely for the good guys.

Finally, as a level that never becomes obnoxious, *Just You and Me Too*. *Kal* is a teenage film, a celebration of old age in a time and place that variously fears, despises or patronizes it. Burns, better than any man alive, sets the record straight; he is the kind of old man that

we suppose to be in a scene with his gently crying daughter; he smooches her image of him, and society's image of his type, and it's not played for laughs. "When I was young," he says, "I was considered a rugged individualist. . . . In my 30s, I was considered exciting. . . . I'm doing all the things now that I did then and I'm considered to be senile!" John Gault.

Allusions to grandeur

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL
Directed by Liliana Cavani

About the only way you can say is in favor of Liliana Cavani, who, several years ago, focused us with her *Sexmorgue*, *The Night Porter*, in that she's too dumb to be offensive—too closely a stylist and too self-conscious a radical to be anything but a joke. *Beyond Good and Evil*, her free-wheeling cognate of philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche's defining years, ravaged by syphilis and madness, is so bad it's perverly enjoyable.

The *Darky Days* of Nietzsche (Richard Jonsson) are laden with opium, his family's rejection of his morals and his awareness from the European intellectual stream of thought because of his dangerous philosophy of nihilism. He is also obsessed by a woman—Dominique Sanda, she of the woman, recovered upper lip—and drawn to a male friend, a repressed homosexual played by Robert Powell. With these two he enters into a tortured threesome wherein all members try to find themselves. And these three little piggies go to the sex market.

Sex and sleep proprietor (that she is, Cavani supplies everything, from cocaine to manichian to water sports—*it's like an intellectual porno show*) called Marie. Your *Perfection*. The polygon cent links like such as "God is dead" and "you're a pig!" the French of brilliant scene routines. Some highlights: Sanda, in pure Nietzsche, giving a letter from Nietzsche; Nietzsche addressing a house whom he thinks is Richard Wagner, the towering philosopher covering against a wall while physical manifestations of Christ and Satan dance before. Both Christ and Satan deserve better.

In putting on her *Testament* feast, Cavani shows that she's a sentimentalist of the depraved, twisting such high seriousness on sex that it turns a personality sketch into a shaky libretto that one can't help but remember Winston Churchill's quote about some kind of lust. "He gives society a bad name."

Lorraine O'Toole

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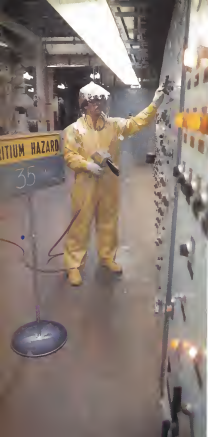
FICITION

- 1 The Mercedes Circle, Ludlum (1)
- 2 The Last Remains, Stewart (2)
- 3 Good and Gold, Miller (3)
- 4 Stillborn, Friedman (4)
- 5 Empire's Child, Stern (5)
- 6 War and Remembrance, West (6)
- 7 The Island, Bencher (7)
- 8 Overlook, Hickey (8)
- 9 The Pigeon Project, Muelke (9)
- 10 Chesapeake, McHenry (10)

NONFICTION

- 1 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Steinman (1)
- 2 The Complete Geriatric Medical Diet, Tannenbaum (2)
- 3 Cool Shakes, Martin (3)
- 4 Beyond Reason, Threlkeld (4)
- 5 The Powers That Be, Mulvihill (5)
- 6 Moments Dearest, Crawford (6)
- 7 All Over With the Sex, Jensen (7)
- 8 Lovers' Secret, By the Sea, Reed (8)
- 9 Doctor's Choice, Saper (9)
- 10 A Money War, Lawrence

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Energy

NUCLEAR POWER: DEBATE FOR THE '80s

By Warren Gossard

It was an unassuming, unremarked and presumably forgettable one of life imitating art. One grey day in March a nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania suddenly lost its cooling water and the world gasped at the prospect of a major nuclear disaster. The Hollywood version, *The China Syndrome*, had been playing in theatres for just 11 days. In Toronto, anti-nuclear protesters walked under cinema marquees, handing their literature to straggled audiences and drawing close parallels between the Atomized account on the screen and the emerging disaster south of the border. In the cinema

In Ontario, Pickering plant workers in protective gear (left), anti-nuclear protests at Darlington: the widening gap

sphere of mistrust pervading the industry, nuclear supporters could wonder if the accident was just too coincidental, if the reactor had been subjected to capitalism on the anti-nuclear sentiment growing with the film's popularity. In time, the saga of Three Mile Island, like its cinematic counterpart, drew in an out without the ultimate climax, the shattering disaster—a meltdown. But in its wake a fearful public and wary politicians began to vent anger and their loss of faith in nuclear science and technology. Fact and fiction were forged in a common legacy: a fueling of the nuclear debate. Today the reactor remains shut down, perhaps for years. The film has lost its first-run crowds. But the nuclear debate rages on, fueled by protests in Washington, London and at Ontario Hydro's proposed

Darlington, one of the world's largest nuclear plants, 18 miles east of Toronto. And despite the overwhelming force of a looming energy crisis, it is emerging as the issue of the '80s.

It is an incredible thing, undeniably alien, a complex fortress of power sitting on the edge of Lake Ontario, close to the tidy bungalows of Pickering, only 28 miles east of Metro Toronto in the nation's largest, most densely populated urban area. This is Pickering A, one of the world's most efficient nuclear generating plants, and next to it, under construction, is Pickering B. The eight enormous Candu reactors will have the capability of lighting up a city of three million.

Pickering is a wonder of science and technology. Everything about it is very

big. It is unfortunate that something could go wrong at Pickering. In fact, Ontario Hydro estimates the chance of a major accident at the nuclear station at one in a million. And a meltdown of the sort envisioned in the film *The China Syndrome* is "virtually incredible" to Ontario Hydro engineers. So incredible, in fact, that a study of the possibility has never been made. Yet if a major accident did take place at Pickering—a fear that is more real after the nightmare at Three Mile Island—the consequences would be disastrous. J.W. Bevan, a senior official of the Canadian Atomic Energy Control Board (AECB), the nuclear industry's regulatory body, has described what those consequences would be. "The worst possible accident at a site like Pickering (assuming none of the safety devices work and using the



Three Mile Island: fear, anger and loss of faith in science and technology

most pessimistic assumptions regarding behavior of the reactor core, transport of fission products, meteorological climate and wind direction) might result in several thousand deaths, tens of thousands of injuries (and liver deaths) and billions of dollars in property damage in a short, a disaster.

A disaster did happen about 20 years ago in the Soviet Union. It appears from sketchy reports that a mysterious nuclear accident killed hundreds of people and dislodged a large area of the southern Urals mountains. According to Zhores Neiderer, an exiled Soviet geologist, the accident occurred when

carelessly buried nuclear waste erupted from a volcano spewing radioactive material over an area measurably estimated at 30 square miles. The area remains uninhabitable.

Thoughts of the Three Mile Island nightmare are still fresh, but a serious accident has occurred in Canada, as well, during power reactor work at Chalk River, Ontario, in 1952. The official explanation said there was a "power runaway, extensive fuel failure, reactor breakdown and escape of radioactivity." Most employees were inside at the time, but the intense construction of the building offered little protection against gamma-ray radiation. An electronics on a tower next to the stacker was found to have been

exposed to the radiation equivalent of about 10 x-rays. The cleanup (President Jimmy Carter, then a nuclear engineer in the U.S. Navy, was one of those involved) included disposal of one million gallons of radioactive water. Surface contamination was restricted to the disposal area. There was leakage into the Ottawa River, though downstream readings showed no hazardous levels of radioactivity.

A new language of fear, faith, crises, has formed around the nuclear industry. It is confusing, technical, and it can quickly leave a perplexed, dazed, fearful public. The scientific team to know what they are talking about when they are dealing with levels of radioactive exposure to something like 100 rems (100,000 millirems) will cause radiation sickness and 500 rems will kill. But little is known about the effects of exposure to low levels of radiation. Hydro officials, for instance, maintain that the small amounts of radiation that are leaking every second of the day from the Pickering plant are not harmful. Yet U.S. military personnel who were exposed to less than one rem of radiation during bomb tests in Nevada in the late 1950s are now reporting leukemia rates about double the statistical expectation.

The AECB has set the maximum annual dose permitted for nuclear workers at 5,000 millirems and, for the public, 500 millirems. These "safety" limits have little to do with safety. Rather, they have more to do with "keeping reasonable" and, even, the lower the radiation levels, the more it costs the industry to stay within bounds.

Officials were saying after the Three Mile Island accident that the cancer risk for residents of the area was negligible. Then, in a statistical sleight of hand that further demonstrated the uncertainties of trying to gauge the effects of low-level radiation, they revised the estimate and said "several" cases of cancer were probable. Once more, the nuclear industry had eroded their shrinking credibility.

While Ontario's safety record, eventually measured with most other jurisdictions, appears to be good, nevertheless, all four sites, at Pickering, Douglas Point, Bruce and Pickering (see map), erect radioactive material containment into the air and water. "So do all nuclear installations." Since 1963, when the first plant went into operation, 62 workers have received radiation doses over the permissible five-rem limit.

There have been at least two "accidents"—a bigger than usual—leak of radioactive water in Ontario. One of them occurred last February at Pickering, but the public wasn't notified until 3½ months later. That did nothing to enhance Ontario Hydro's slipping credibility or the utility's dismal public relations record. (Hydro employs more than 100 public relations officers.) On this occasion a tank of radioactive water containing tritium was flushed into the lake in an 80-second spurt. At that moment, at that point, the radiation level was 48 times the maximum "safe level" set by the AECB. Hydro immediately mounted Pickering's drinking water and found the level of tritium rose to about one per cent of the AECB limit. Hydro said the spill meant nothing. It was put in the context that if a person drank Pickering's water for about 650 years the level of radiation received would equal a single chest x-ray.

That would have been reassuring, except that the long-term genetic implications of even low-level radiation remain unknown. When Dr. Edward Rutherford was told about the Pickering leak he gave a whistle of surprise and said "You may have a time bomb sitting in

Oceans boiling and heaven raining acid

Unofficially it was the anti-nuclear protesters who marched into the halls of Ontario's House of Assembly, armed with scientific accusations. The nuclear industry's scientific advisers replied with talk of "radiation" probability and began insisting to only a few that now Howard Davis, a mathematician with a PhD in physics, has released the report warning the Ontario legislature a select committee on Hydro affairs of the world's nuclear energy. The scientists could not, he says, see the oceans boiling and the earth could become a red glowing hell in about as long as pleasant a place to be as the planet Venus.

Davis' concern is that the greenhouse effect—keeping the earth's heat with an air of molecules overlaid with carbon dioxide—could be dangerously exaggerated if the world continues to burn fossil fuels for energy. The carbon dioxide content of the atmosphere is expected to double in the next 60 years, he warns, unless other steps are taken. As the carbon level up in biological matter, progressively returns to the atmosphere, the temperature will increase enough to boil off the

oceans. "As the oceans boil, releasing more carbon dioxide, the temperature soars, driving carbon dioxide out of the water's reach and leaving the atmosphere with its thick soup of carbon dioxide, with a temperature high enough to melt lead and to make the ground glow deep red, if anyone were there to feel it."

But if that weren't enough, sulfur dioxide, along with the carbon dioxide, would react with clouds to spread the global acid rain, which would be a nuclear warning touch. This possibility Davis sums up quite low but—in the anti-nuclear say about nuclear—down it is a definitely not zero.

Melanch of carbon dioxide trapping sun's heat: the other doomsday scenario

THE OCEANS BOILING AND HEAVEN RAINING ACID



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their area there." Rutherford, a U.S. expert on radiation and chairman of the Royal Effects of Ionizing Radiation Committee, (REIRC) was testifying before an Ontario legislative committee on Hydro affairs. He said recent research showed that a sudden release of tritium, a radioactive isotope of hydrogen, could be dangerous to human women who drink the water. He said the substance would probably stay in the child as long as it lives.

In public hearings such as the one in Ontario, for every scientific allegation, whether pro- or anti-nuclear, there is a scientific rebuttal. Who can be believed? While scientists and technologists talk in terms of million-or-billion-one odds against any particular disaster, the engine has fallen from the wing of a 50-18 in flight, an ad well has blown on the bed of the Gulf of Mexico and continues—uncontrollably—to spew 30,000 barrels a day into the sea. Skyfall has crashed to earth almost completely out of control of its technological creators. With precedents like these, with such "worst possible scenario" occurring regularly using the frontiers of technology, it is no wonder that the public is uneasy, resentful and distrustful of the nuclear industry. Its continuing reliance on the philosophy of technocracy—as technology creates problems, technology will find a way to

solve them—doesn't measure the way it used to.

Canada's "nuclear establishment" was born in 1946 with the passing of the Atomic Energy Control Act (now under review) and the creation of the Atomic Energy Control Board (AECB). Then in 1952, a Crown corporation, Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL) was established as its design engineering arm. The AECB and AECL, joined in 1964 by Ontario Hydro, became Canada's national group of nuclear policy-makers. They have, until now, maintained de facto autonomy, operating independently from cabinet, Parliament and legislatures.

The emotional heart of the nuclear debate is whether reactors are safe. The apostles of nuclear power say there are fewer hazards from nuclear's own blessing than from air travel, lightning, toxic chemicals, crossing the street, smoking or drinking wine. The drinker may say that any nuclear risk, however small, is an unacceptable risk.

Both sides of the nuclear debate in Canada agree that no accident like the one at Three Mile Island could happen on the Great Canadian Shield. However, Os-

"We don't believe in the only province that opens, through licensing, a full-scale nuclear reactor under construction in Ford Province. New Brunswick is a liability if this full-scale project is further advanced. The full-scale project has posed a tremendous momentum on the province of Ontario's nuclear power program. Ontario's nuclear power program has been in 1972 for 100 years and has never been approved."



tarie Hydro officials are at pains to point out that the Canada has more safeguards than the U.S. reactors. On the other hand, the critics, such as Dr. Gordon Edwards, one of Canada's expert and prolific nuclear opponents, question Canada's safeguards.

Edwards, a Montreal mathematics professor and chairman of the Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility, has challenged Hydro to prove radioactive fuel couldn't leak through the concrete reactor floor and into the melt-down. Hydro found the possibility of a meltdown "virtually unresolvable" and said the nuclear establishment has never set out deliberately to prove a meltdown couldn't occur. Edwards, instead, have been devoted to ensuring that events leading up to a meltdown are prevented.

Hydro's confidence in the safety features of its plants might alleviate some fears—despite incidents of radioactive leakage, spillage and consequent to some workers—but on a global scale there is room left for apprehensions. A major accident, against all odds, would the nuclear establishment or credible. There are 500 commercial reactors operating, under construction or overworldwide, another 188 planned and

500 research reactors in service. It's a lot of fission.

Even if Ontario's nuclear industry were slowed down, there are still at least 18 U.S. nuclear plants in lower states within fallout distance of Canada. In Europe the situation is worse. A British royal commission on nuclear power power estimated "There can be little doubt that as the number of reactors in use throughout the world increases there will in time be a major accident. Such an accident, even if it occurred abroad, would certainly raise anxiety in this and other countries and might require reactors to be shut down while safety aspects were reassessed."

At the centre of the nuclear safety issue is waste, specifically, what to do with it. In an eerie subterranean environment at each of Ontario's nuclear plants are the "waste-in-a-goals" where neatly stacked bundles of spent nuclear fuel rods are stored indefinitely. Anyone touching one would die. Within the next few years, a decision is to be made on whether to reprocess the uranium into plutonium and recycle it through the reactors.

Even so, the waste eventually will be

buried in the ground. Spent nuclear fuel is extremely radioactive and toxic for hundreds of years, very radioactive and toxic for thousands of years, and merely toxic for tens of thousands of years. The Canadian plan to bury the waste about 3,200 feet underground is a great career somewhere in the Canadian Shield. Test drilling has started in Attikokan in Northern Ontario, but residents have protested even the testing.

Ontario Hydro officials say the rock formations in the Canadian Shield have been stable for millions of years. "We really don't expect that to change tomorrow," says Don Watson, manager of Hydro's safety service department.

But an Ontario royal commission into electricity power planning was not so optimistic. "At present, it is concluded, 'we possess inadequate knowledge to ensure the integrity of the rock at the comparatively high temperatures generated by the radioactive waste materials, or under pressures from deep drilling and construction of the depository vault.'"

Two years ago the Swedish parliament decided that no new nuclear plants could be put into operation unless it was proven that waste disposal problems had been solved. They haven't. Ontario's royal commission recommended that if a panel of independent experts is not satisfied with spent fuel disposal research by 1983, a moratorium on new nuclear construction might be justified.

The nuclear critics say that Ontario is building nuclear plants when it already has an overabundance of electricity, enough, that is, to maintain a healthy export market to the U.S. They say Hydro has reserves capacity of 48 per cent, but Hydro says it has an excess capacity of 17 per cent. The 25-per-cent difference in what Hydro says it needs is reserve for peak loads, outages and maintenance.

Whatever the truth is—and Hydro has consistently overestimated the province's power needs—Ontario is committed to a nuclear future. Nuclear costs represent almost \$24 billion of a \$30-billion 10-year Hydro capital expansion program. The critics say that the money is going into the wrong energy source, that the investment is taking money away from the alternatives—solar, wind, biomass, etc.

Norm Raben, a nuclear researcher for the Ontario ecology group, Energy Probe, says that electrical heating of homes (30 per cent of all new homes in Ontario will be heated by electricity) is poor economics. "Try to solve an energy shortage with a high-grade energy like electricity is like using a sledge to solve a pinpoint shortage."

Raben argues that nuclear plants, especially with their astronomical capital costs (they are cheaper to operate than coal plants), are in no way complete energy savings with huge investments. "We could spend \$2.5 billion and get a return that would be comparable to the energy Darlington would put out."

Hydro officials argue the alternatives—at least at the present rate of research and investment—will do little to produce electricity until 2000 or beyond. By 2000, for example, it has been estimated that solar energy will contribute between two and three per cent of Ontario's energy needs.

The immediate alternative to nuclear power is more coal-burning plants (Ontario's hydroelectric power future is limited) but they are dirty, polluting the air and killing the lakes. If coal generation replaced nuclear power it would cost each Ontario resident \$40 more per year for electricity. Ontario's coal is imported from the United States and last year it would have cost \$400 million more for coal than uranium.

To date, the anti-nuclear protest in Canada, albeit vocal, has been small. But it is growing and for the first time the nuclear establishment is on the defense. As a result, Ontario Hydro has changed its public relations posture, it is now committed to press conferences instead of hiding them. Nevertheless, in the absence of any massive public protest against nuclear power, Ontario's decision-makers are under no pressure to abandon their commitment to nuclear.

Meanwhile, anti-nuclear leader Edwards has called for a public inquiry into nuclear power and a two-year moratorium on licensing, construction and the sale of reactors and fuel until a fundamental health and safety question is resolved. His suggestion could attract attention in power circles in nuclear power has been slipping. A regular poll by the University of Toronto's Institute of Environmental Studies has shown a steady decline in Toronto's confidence in the province's commitment to nuclear energy. Between 1975 and 1977, support for the program fell to 66 per cent from 86 per cent, after Three Mile Island it dropped to 46 per cent. "We know the industry is unsafe and it's dangerous that it can ever be safe," says Edwards. "It's like the subway in New York, once you've stuck a finger in it, you get both hands and feet stuck trying to pull loose. The big question now is how to tow down the industry." ◇

"Federal research Agency says it takes one to install a nuclear power plant, and that cost is \$1.5 billion for a 1,000 megawatt unit. From then until 1977 only \$12.5 million was spent on renewable energy development. During the same four-year period, \$270 million went to nuclear development."

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Counting rems and millirems

Counting calories is a concern for some, but so people become more aware of radiation they soon may be counting rems and millirems. The Atomic Energy Control Board's safety standards dictate that all nuclear plants should disclose neighboring residents to more than 500 rems of radiation a year. Most North Americans receive no more than five rems (5,000 mrem) in a year. Ontario Hydro operates to a standard of five millirems, one per cent of that control board level for public exposure.

But most people receive more radiation from medical and other man-made sources in a year. Most North Americans receive between 100 and 200 millirems of radiation a year. Someone living in Toronto would be

exposed to about 120 millirems of natural radiation a year while someone in Denver would be exposed to 180 millirems because of the higher altitude; there are some other exposure levels.

- A chest x-ray is about 20 millirems
- Riding in a jet adds a millirem about every three hours from cosmic rays
- Grandparents' cesium-137 fallout-bomb and other fallout millirems often contain uranium and plutonium mixed and account for about a dozen millirems a year
- Picked from atmospheric bomb tests has added about seven millirems a year since 1961
- At Three Mile Island, though living close to the nuclear plant received less than 200 millirems

But radiation exposure is cumulative, which is why radiologists tell patients a day after a x-ray, then run for cover behind a lead shield.

Thurman Munson and the American thirst for further maudlin heights of mourning

By Allen Folbergheim

I can tell you, as a matter of fact, when it first started. It began, I can tell you with great certitude, on a January day in 1966 when they buried Winston Churchill with proper ceremony and concentration. I said to live, by the way, about a block away from the Grand Old Man and could glimpse, on special days, the pale, fading face at the window as he made occasional feeble attempts to vainly gawk at tourist cameras. This was in Knightsbridge, just off the south edge of Hyde Park, where the dignified Lady Churchill went for her daily walk and one day had her trip broken when knocked over by the soccer ball of a couple of nucleus entering boys—but I digress.

The day they buried Sir Winston, with the whole world watching via tv, was a very special day. The Brits do funeral very well. Since they have so little to do these days, it is one of the things they do superbly well. That may seem unkind or macabre, but it is true. All America watched and that is the day that the United States, in its immaturity and inaccuracy, became obsessed with the rites of the dead. On such appropriate and appropriate occasions now, the American appears in uncomfortable view (the elaborate dignity and exotic tradition of the way the British—on very carefully chosen episodes—say good-bye to their dead.

These morbid thoughts rise to the surface because of the death, in recent days, of a baseball player. His name was Thurman Munson, he was the thick-legged catcher (and captain) of the New York Yankees and he died—because he was a good family man who liked to rescue himself in his family seats in Canton, Ohio, on any spare day off—when his own small plane crashed and burned. It would be hard to exist on the North American continent in the past 18 days without being aware of the death and funeral and the eulogies pertaining to Thurman Munson.

Now, this has to be done delicately. Thurman Munson, who previously was

not known to the general public but only to more discerning sports fans (he was not a star of the very first rank, but a quite acceptable occupant of the upper reaches of the second rank), was given in death the amount of media coverage reserved in other times for esteemed statesmen and public figures. Not to put the man down, but there has to be a fence of priorities somewhere. Something has got out of control. There's a galloping sense of exaggeration here that is in danger of bordering on parody.



It goes back, I contend, to the sentiment when the entire American public (thanks to the advances of the multi-camera approach perfected at major golf tournaments) could witness the elaborate ceremony and national respect displayed at the state funeral for Sir Winston The English, who have been doing it for a few centuries, are unsurpassed in their capacity for quiet spectacle in such affairs as coronations and burying their carefully selected heroes. They do it magnificently—and then wait a long time before they do it again.

The problem is that the nation that can hardly wait to exhume ruler statues before it has barely finished exhuming deadboarded suffers from an equal thirst for occasions when it comes to grief. The Americans, God knows, had more than their fill with history's most public and well-recorded murder (John Kennedy) and the subsequent assassinations of Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy. One would think a na-



tion that has endured such genuine tragedy would be more selective in resting out heartfelt compassion and acres of newspaper. To the surprise of a foreigner with supposedly some perspective, the opposite is true. Each season, each rock star, each baseball player devoted to duty on his death, demands further maudlin heights of mourning.

We will even leave aside, for the purpose of arguing on this particular score, the obvious situation of the exit of the dead—James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, now Montgomery Clift, most recently the Elvis Presley phenomenon that borders on necrophilia. What is pertinent is that it reveals a lack of purpose in life for the most vigorous nation in history to devote so much attention to the demise of an athlete who, for all his merits, was so Bitch, so Glib, so Willie Mays or Stan Musial, so Ted Williams, Ty Cobb or Hank Aaron. The accidental death of a back catcher unknown four years ago is hardly the event that should obtain a national

It demonstrates, among other things, the spurious sentimentality of the sports pages. An action freak (being one who feels sports writing is designed for the descriptions of monstrous people doing their thing, just as ballet columns are designed for the description of how dancers perform) finds it difficult these days to discover actual sporting events. What is not devoted to the boring legends of Alvin Karpis is dedicated to the lower-tier soap sisters of pseudodrama. The late (and lamented) Thurman Munson falls into the latter category. If death were not so serious, it would be almost laughable to observe the mutant boom to thrust Munson into baseball's Hall of Fame (an institution that long denied the legendary Hank Wilson, because he was a drink, and Satchel Paige, because he was black).

Thurman Munson in death, on the dog days of summer, suddenly became the victim of a bored nation in search of titillation. There is a sickness when even grief is made a trivial affair.



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